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VOLUME 20 NUMBER 2

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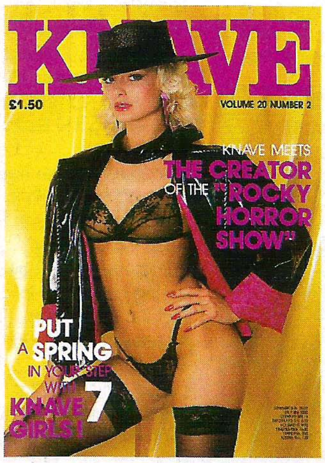
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BY MICHAEL ANCHER

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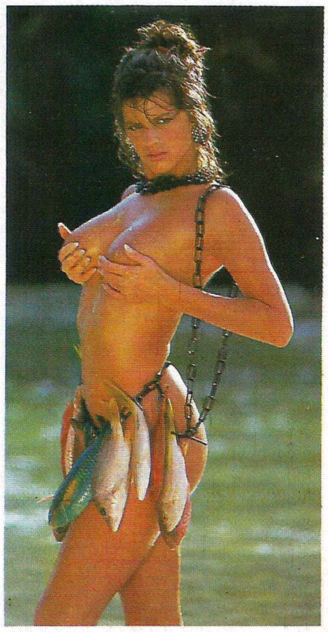

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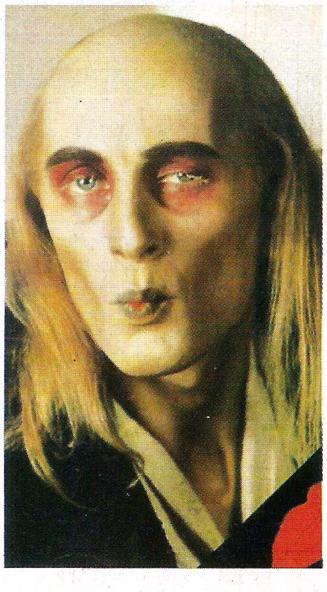

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Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !

THE WHEEL THING

Leading off this month's parade of pouting popsies is Alana. If she's streets ahead of the other entries for the issue, it is in the sense that she's the only one of the set who comes supplied with her own wheels. Looks like a transport of delight to me. Oh, to be a gearstick now that spring is ... well ... on its way. Some time around June, I expect.

Regular readers will have seen Alana before, and if El Gutto the Grimmly Feendish-lookalike has anything to do with it – which he does, when occasionally conscious – you'll be seeing her again. In fact, I am told she features in a Silk and Satin Special – a project which has for some reason been kept secret from yours truly. I am shocked that they have not consulted their correspondent with the largest collection of camisoles and negligées in the entire company. Indeed, right at this moment I am wearing ... er ... ahem.

To clear up one potential misunderstanding: while Alana has been described by the Editor as 'an old hand' at Knave modelling, she is not to be confused with the 'old hand' he is rumoured to leap into bed with at night. That's on the end of his old wrist.

HAPPY AS A SANDBOY

I suppose it is because the British summer usually seems to have a duration of approximately nine days that the art department thinks one time of the year is pretty well as relevant as any other for showing us snaps from their Beauty and the Beach file. Presumably, it is meant to cheer up those of us who spend most of the year blue enough to wonder why our ancestors ever felt the need to invent woad. It just makes me want to catch the next plane to the Aegean and clamber aboard a yacht.

There would certainly be a berth on any boat of mine for this stunning swimmer, Calista. The name, according to the blurb department – though what the fuck they know about it, I cannot imagine – means beautiful beyond the ordinary. Presumably from the Greek 'kallos', meaning beauty, and 'ta', meaning thank you, that will do nicely.

No cheap cracks, please, about getting the smell out of the fish.

BLOTTO BLURB

In the same way that whoever James Bond's boss is, he is 'M', or the boffin 'Q', or the top gaoler from *The Prisoner*, 'Number 2', so is the Assitant Editor of Knave ever 'El Blotto' – partly because of the type of character one is bound to recruit when the job is only ever advertised in the gents at the Greivous Bodily Arms (next to 'Whopper Chopper, phone anytime weekends'), and partly because no one can be bothered to remember the dozy bleeders' names.

I mention this only because the last, extremely hairy, example has gone off to sex voles or something, and I am faced this month with the blurb-writing talents (*joke? – Ed.*) of a temporary regurgitation specialist who saves me the trouble of 'writ as it is spoke' reports on his outpourings by writing that way himself.

"Phwoaaarr!" seems to be the limit of what he can offer to describe Helena, the blonde cuddling up to what is surely a stimulated fur and making hand signals which probably signify 'no entry' when executed during an East Anglian driving test. "I know what I want to shay," continues the man who put the 'pist' in typist, "but I'll be bound with barbed wire and buggered if I can get it out".

I expect he served in the British Army at some time or other.

KNOB JUNKIES

All week I kept hearing around the office conversations like: "I wanna knobkerrie," and responses such as, "Knobkerrie? Yeah, definitely, me too." What, I asked myself, was behind this sudden and quite uncharacteristic obsession with unsophisticated African clubs-cum-spears?

It was only when I saw the expressions on their faces (and, indeed, trousers) when that Friday's model arrived that I realised I had grabbed the wrong end of the weighted stick. The lady making a wicker *chaise longue*, a very happy piece of furniture indeed, goes under the name of Kerry. The rest of the misheard comments speak for themselves.

According to the new Junior Assistant Blurb Writer "She's got two very nice arms ... two very nice legs ... and her nostrils are very nostril-shaped ..." That's about as useful as describing the Great Pyramid as a pile of bricks in the desert.

SOLICITED APPLES

The white-stockinged lovely splayed across what seems to be a lamé bedspread is this month's Amateur Model, Andrea Roberts. Whether it was the result of a prolonged visit to the Rat and Handbag Wine Bar (proprietors Mr. and Mrs. R.S. Bandit) I cannot tell, but Andrea's visit to the studio is recalled only through a mist of confusion.

For one thing, I could have sworn that she described herself as someone who solicited for a living, which seemed an odd thing to declare. To my relief, it transpired that she was employed by a solicitor, which is an extremely different matter.

The other point of mystification was a comment passed by the lecherous Editor, El Gutto, which only now begins to make sense to me. Ms Roberts, it seems, comes from Taunton, where all those Somerset apples are turned into the sort of thing the Managing Director quaffs for elevenses. I'm sure this must explain the Editor's cryptic comment: "Bleedin' 'ell, I wouldn't half mind marinating my willy in cider."

At least, I think that's what he said.

TEST DRIVE

continued from previous page

ments remain the key to future health and prosperity. This is particularly true of the performance variants and racier machinery like the latest Supra 3.0i: the archetypal Supra-ite is more likely to be found chomping on a quarterpounder clownburger with a side order of soggy fries than wrapping his gums around a faceful of raw fish. This American success is absolutely crucial to what Toyota is all about. The company only got into the US in the late '50s and didn't really start to coin serious bucks until the re-launch of the marque in 1965, but The Land of the Two Rons (McDonald and Reagan) is now the number one export market for the company's wares. Not surprisingly, model launches in the upper bracket are now tailored so as to appeal to the legislation-limited but insatiably speed-freaky 55mph motorists of the mid-West.

Hence a sporting Toyota coupe which majors on large-scale comfort, convenience and convention rather than the diminutive conceits of Nippon. Like its native rival, Nissan's 300 ZX, the Supra is obviously pitched at the GM Chevrolet Corvette, a fact which is rammed home by the styling. Toyota know what 'goes' in the US of A and what goes is a mixture of well-upholstered Weissach and jut-jowled Nippon. Surprisingly, it's an approach which works. Made up, it would seem, of equal parts Z-car (long, thrusting bonnet) and Porsche (fat flanks, aggressively bulging wheel arches) the Supra is no less distinctive for being a mishmash of familiar elements and is 100% guaranteed to turn heads of any nationality — with or without its posey pop-ups flashing in self-advertisement.

Mechanical changes since the last Supra (or Celica Supra as it was then) reinforce this 'Stateside targetting. The heart of the beast is the company's straight-six of 2954cc, re-jigged since the previous outing and up 200cc and two-valves per 9.2:1, the cast-iron block/alloy head twin-cam with its four valves per pot can pump out a little over 200bhp at 6,000rpm together with a muscular 187lb ft of torque at 4,800rpm. That's well up on the class average. With a Nippondenso-manufactured fuel system injecting copious amounts of motion lotion, and the company's own Accoustic Control Induction System (ACIS) boosting flexibility in the mid-range, it's a unit which looks good both on paper and in the engine bay if not, entirely, on the road. But more of that anon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY MORGAN

For the moment what really matters are the lengths to which the Japanese have gone to soften the car's make-up in keeping with the requirements of those pampered 'Statesiders. For a start, they've dumped the old car's MacPherson strut/trailing arm suspension package in the garbage truck. 'Super Supra' gets comfort-promoting front and rear double wishbones. Next up, there are coil damper units at each corner with anti-roll bars fore and aft. And as if that wasn't enough, the ultra-refined nature of the machine is rubber hammered home by the smooth four-speed automatic gearbox. This features electronic control across the gears, a fairly lazy kickdown and — like a manual version sampled recently — what are fairly wide gaps between the ratios for a car with such a sporting bent. The rest of the technical stuff you can write yourself. Steering is power-assisted rack and pinion with a little under three turns from lock to lock; braking uses all-round ventilated discs linked to the obligatory anti-lock system. The black, round things at each corner are uni-directional Goodyear Eagles, stamped 225/50 VR in the modern idiom and mounted on 16x7in alloy rims.

What does all this mechanical mumbo-jumbo portend for the average motorist? The way we see it, a machine which can hold its own with the best of fast motorway cruisers, but misses a few tricks in the way of out and out excitement. So what's the problem? Toyota claim a top speed of 137mph, with 60mph coming up from rest in about 8 secs. Not a lot to moan about there. However the cold figures conceal a dark secret: this Bushido Beastbuster is one heavy hotrod. Less the Jane Fonda of the sportster world — more the Shelley Winters — the well-rounded, but bulky Supra tips the scales at a mite under 30 hundredweight and needs all of its 201 horses to cut the M-way mustard.

Let's put that into perspective. Supra's ridiculously expensive rival, the 924 S 'Porker' can perform a similar 135mph/sub-8.0secs double-act off the back of its class-leading four-pot. Across the island, that archetypal medallion man's machine, Mitsubishi's 2.0 Starion, creams both the Supra's foot-on-the-boards max and its not-so-top-notch 0-60mph on the stopwatch, (though to be fair the Mitsubishi can only do such things with the aid of turbo blower up its tail ... and with little concern for trifling matters like fuel economy).

So if there is one weak link in the Supra's mechanical make-up, it is the way in which the 7M-GE power source struggles to cope with the excessive curbweight of the big Toyota. Moreover while the big 'six' is a fair old unit and gives the machine performance which is never less than competitive (though not quite on a par with the brash Nissan), compared with the brilliant twin cam four found in 'Mister Two'/Corolla GT and the similarly free-revving 16-valve job which powers the latest Celica, the 7M invariably comes across as something of a let-down. Quite simply, it's a bit ragged at the top. There's a roughness present long before the Supra's 6,500rpm red line, while at engine speeds beyond about 4,500rpm the fuss generated by the throbby six assumes truly rent boy scandal proportions. This is a shame, for below about 4K the unit is pretty well unobtrusive, while at tick-over it would be easy to believe that the 3.0 litre lump has done a 'Rip van Winkle'. Perhaps the engineers at Toyota City really were on a hiding to nothing; in absolute terms, their's was a task akin to having to motorise a sack of potatoes — albeit spuds of a most stylish and aerodynamic variety.

Given the car's weight problem, returning fuel figures around the mid-20s may seem 'pretty impressive thare boy', but it should be remembered that the enthusiastic Sir Bob had been hauled over by a manic, radar-wielding Roz only days before taking delivery of the 'Supe' and was keen not to repeat the experience. It also helps to explain why we were unable — and unwilling — to match Toyota's performance claim of 137mph top on the open highway.

Better luck at the test track — Castle Combe race circuit — to be precise, just a few miles out of Chippenham off the M4, and arrived at amidst a downpour of such neo-biblical ferocity that we seriously expected to be met at the gate by the apparition of a bearded so'wester with a boat-load of wildlife in tow.

Notwithstanding the Noah's Ark-style hinderances, our stint at the track revealed both the Supra's strengths (roadholding, comfort, safety at speed) and its dynamic shortcomings. One thing in particular emerged: the Supra not only looks like a heavy car — it feels like one too. Most obviously, this communicates itself to the driver as a lack of real agility, allied to a fair amount of body roll. The rest is predictable stuff. Steering is light in the American fashion but toughens up with speed, promoting sharp turn-in.

Of course there will always be dynamic peculiarities typical of such powerful front engined, rear-wheel-drive set-ups. To see what we mean, stab the throttle mid-bend and experience a tell-tale tail slide, easy enough to catch and even entertaining in its own way, but the sort of thing you'd be wise not to repeat on the Queen's Highway. Luckily grip, thanks to the well wicked rubber nation, is outstanding. Overall, the car acts very much within its own limits, showing none of the rain-induced rump-out which plagued its predecessors.

So much for the mechanical stuff. What about the non-oily bits? Inside the car is pure Toyota ... for better or for worse. Seating is comfortable for sure (especially the driver's chair with its electric lumbar support) and there's a fair amount of room, too, though you can forget any pretensions to genuine four-seater status — stick two reasonably 'leggy' passengers in the back and the pilot is apt to find himself in almost masochistic contact with the steering wheel. Non-human baggage could find it a bit cramped too: the boot looks like it might be impressive from the outside, but with tailgate raised it soon becomes apparent that the Supra's trunk functions like a sort of inverse Tardis. Moreover, the lion's share of the shallow load bay is swallowed up by a spare of super-meaty proportions. Squashy bags, golfing half sets and disasterously fore-shortened skiing equipment are pretty much standard issue for the Supra owner. It's a common failing with recent Japanese cars of this type.

Ditto the general styling of the interio. Blah blah blah plastic fascia; blah blah blah phoney stitching; blah blah blah gimmicky switchgear. You get the

Girl CHAT

DIB DIB DIB

I discover from my press clippings that a 69-year-old Connecticut grandmother has been fighting a 13-year battle, which reached the courts for the first time last autumn, to be officially registered as a scoutmaster by the Boy Scouts of America.

Officials of the movement do not deny that the old trooper — who is allowed to train *men* to be scoutmasters, practises her bugle calls daily and wanders around clutching a rope for making knots in — is admirably qualified in all respects except that she is a woman.

"We feel that this is an age and time in a boy's life when he ought to have the opportunity to have a man-boy relationship," commented a spokesman from the scouts HQ. Say what? Hopefully not with the sort of woggle-tweaker whose interest has been caught by the title of Baden Powell's book *Scouting for Boys*.

My vote goes with granny on this one, and I trust her support will be returned when I submit my own application for the post of sixth-form aerobics class supervisor at Roedean ...

WETTER THAN JULY

Wet-look seems to be the theme for Fiona's set — what with the yellow sheets and brollies, the black raincoat and the crotch of the Editor's trousers (fortunately out of pictures). In fact, it all goes back to the Chief Accountant passing on the information via the Deputy Chief Blurb Writer's Bottom Knocker (who needs to crawl if he wants his highly imaginative expenses claims countersigned) that he wouldn't mind a few 'water sports' photographs for his private collection, if they caught his drift.

Sadly, his drift is one of the few things the art staff have not caught over the years — as their doctors will readily tell you — so it looks as though the DCBWBK's claim of "£32.50 fees for training performing tortoises for forthcoming Galapagos Islands-type photographic shoot" will have to wait another month or two.

They reckon, by the way, that the objects Fiona's lying on are "extra strong yellow bin liners". Strangely, though, I discovered, in one of the waste paper bins, a docket reading: "Attention, Keeper, elephant house. 1 dozen coloured French ticklers to follow." I curtailed my investigations immediately.

SUCK IT AND SEE

I'm not surprised that you are wondering about the reason for Sonja's ludicrously exaggerated cigarette holder — I just hope after all this time that you are not expecting a straightforward answer.

It all began in the wardrobe department's prop cupboard. Only minutes after Sonja and El Blotto, the lecherous Assistant Editor, had begun to comb the shelves for suitable accessories, the lights went out — due to one of those bizarre coincidences we in the trade know as "a bribe to the electrician".

"How about accommodating this, missus?" said the silver-tongued lout, slipping something small, thin and bent into Sonja's hand. To his utter consternation, within moments, they were back in the daylight and carrying the equipment you see before you. Sonja swears to this day that she thought he was offering her a share of his duty free Woodbines. The mind boggles.

THINK AGAIN ...

I was shocked and stunned to read, last October, of British Rail plans to slow down a number of its trains.

It should be explained to puzzled readers that the purpose of this, on the face of it, quite ludicrous decision is to decrease the amount of sleep-disturbing activity on the system's overnight long hauls.

Never having entrusted my nocturnal accommodation to the people who are "Getting There" (but presumably never actually making it), I cannot tell what manner of things that go bump, squeal, crash and clatter in the night comprise these journeys, but it does seem ironic that action needs to be taken.

Daytime passengers of BR will be all too aware that an excess of speed is rarely foremost among their complaints about the system. Indeed, on many a journey I have found — after exhausting my magazine supply before the train has finished queuing at its first faulty set of points — that sleep is quite the most viable way of frittering away my time.

Perhaps, BR please note, the best thing would be to forget those loss-making sleeper services altogether, bung the couchette cabins on their daytime inter-city runs and guarantee exhausted punters a peaceful forty winks as they glide gently through the landscape.

TEST DRIVE

In the past, the name *Toyota* conjured up visions of mass-produced and, frankly, unimaginative vehicles which, no sooner than the tax disc was introduced to their windscreens, disintegrated around their unfortunate owners. ROBERT DUDLEY examines the latest export from the Land of the Rising Trade Figures, the Supra 3.0i, and discovers that a new breed of mean machine is suddenly tearing up the Japanese countryside, leaving its over-priced and under-designed European rivals standing in a cloud of bowel-wrenching success.

TOYOTA
D289 HYN

O-Level History of the Motor Car. Written paper. Question 7. Compare the rate of growth in size and output of the world's largest car companies. Easy, eh? Well, yes and no. We've all got a pretty good idea who number one and number two are, but who on earth gets the bronze medal?

Fiat? No chance. Volkswagen? Think again, cookie boy. Toyota is the name we're looking for. Amazing isn't the word for it: everyone knows the Japanese are successful, but in terms of what the experts call 'industrial take-off', the rise of the Toy boys has to rate as real rodent up the drainpipe stuff. The company does indeed rank as the planet's third largest manufacturer of automobiles, beaten only by the brawny American double of G Motors and H Ford. Yet it is easy to lose sight of the Japanese outfit's humble beginnings and forget just how short its career in show(room) biz has been. For unlike Henry and The General who began knocking out cars in the days when the most popular form of transport wore a nosebag and got by on a diet of the kind of things one now finds in health-food shops, Toyota's earliest efforts date from the relatively sophisticated climes of 1935.

It was an age of innocence and ill-fated industrial recovery. Chips cost a penny a hundredweight. 'AIDS' meant helpful devices and El Gutto was little more than a glimmer in the rheumy eye of a drunken gravedigger. Amidst this heady, sepia-tinted scenario, Nagoya-based Sakichi Toyoda's Automatic Loom Works elected to broaden its textilious horizons and take advantage of greater freedom in the Japanese auto industry by blowing a little over £83,000 on a car factory inspired by the machines he had seen on various business sorties to Britain. The money, so legend has it, came from a deal struck in Lancashire with a bunch of characters called the Platt Brothers who wanted to manufacture Toyoda looms under licence·

All this textiles stuff may seem immaterial (*Aghhhhhh! — Ed.)* but it does help make the company's later glories look even more surprising. Beginning with a prototype of the utterly conventional AB in 1935, the company, now helmed by Sakichi's son Kiichiro, took to motor-making like a Peking Duck to water, and within eighteen months, had the AB up and running as a full blown production model. In true Japanese tradition, the resulting car was a hotchpotch of contemporary styles, looking a bit like a cross between a Chrysler Airflow and the old Ford V8 tourer, but at least it was a beginning. The 'Ah-so Auto' even turned up in saloon form as the inventively-badged AA. By all accounts the AA, like the AB, was pretty unexceptional, even for its time, but the 62bhp 3.4 litre effort did well enough to convince Kiichiro and his kin that this car building lark was worth sticking with. More than anything, the company saw the chance to beat the equivalent products of Ford and GM on price, thus establishing even at this early stage the familiar — though latterly somewhat discredited — concept of Japanese cars offering 'more for less'.

D289 HYN
3.0i
TOYOTA SUPRA

Clearly the scheme paid off. By 1937 the company had traded in its 'd' for a 't' (the Japanese tongue had problems with the hard 'dee' sound in the old name) and a burgeoning vehicular output served to deter rival Jap car makers from taking the 'p'. Production continued at a fair lick up until the altercations of 1941-1945, resuming in 1949 (subject, of course, to a nod from the Allies) when Toyota launched its first post-war model, the Toyopet, a no-frills runabout which made no waves but did reasonably well on its home turf by its mixture of two doors and a sub-rice-pudding-skin-pulling 27bhp.

From here on in, the erstwhile loom-builders really began to pull out the stops. By the '50s they were putting out 10,000 motors a year and making a fair old living out of it. The millionth 'Tot' left the factory in 1962, coincinding with the launch of the marque in Europe. The second million came up in 1965, the third just a little over twelve months later. By 1972, total Toyota production had passed the magic 10 million mark and the company was well placed to take over the world, with a large and increasingly diverse model range and a growing global dealer network.

And how that success story continues. The company is currently bolting together more than 4 million vehicles a year (something like one every eight seconds!) and shows no sign of slowing down. Indeed it reached its 50th million as recently as January 1986. The vehicle which bought up the fifty was a Crown saloon ... but we won't hold that against them. What matters more to 'the discerning motorist', is that the company has used the cash which has rolled in from even its most lacklustre motors to establish itself as a world leader in the mass production of multi-valve engines and twin cam power units, hence the proliferation of 12-, 16- and 24-valve motors right cross the Toyota model line-up, even the boring ones.

Commercially, the team at Toyota City remain as bullish as a factory full of OXO cubes, most obviously when it comes to shipments overseas. Around 55% of production is crated up for export, and while the company still holds a creditable 30% share in the Land of the Rising Yen, overseas ship-

TEST DRIVE

continued from page 19

D289 HYN
TOYOTA

message. Supra cockpit is Plas-Jap at its most pronounced. Not to say that everything doesn't work as it should — just that the whole effect is lacking in the character stakes. Otherwise the compartment houses just about every dial you'd expect, many of which are angled toward the driver for better visibility. Dominating the driver's field of vision is the enormous binnacle which stretches across two-thirds of the dash, making the pseudo aircraft cockpit interiors of machines like Saab's 9000 and the Ford Granada look positively understated. It's rather as if the car's designers decided to take a 'short-cut' when faced with the problem of what to fill up the dashboard with.

Of course, this being a Japaneses product, there are no shortcuts when it comes to standard equipment and luxury fittings. To run through the whole lot would be to simply regurge the Tot dealer's sales blurb, so for brevity's sake let's just say that the Supra's cruise control, air conditioning, central locking and electric mirrors represent only the icing on the cake. By comparison some of the rivals (most obviously the ones badged 'Porsche'), look about as well-equipped as a repmobile in L-trim. Possibly the only thing missing is a sunroof

A typically well-endowed Toyota package, then, but is that ultimately enough? To put the whole thing into some kind of final perspective, just compare notes with RD's findings on the Maserati Biturbo, a fine car and one which acted as a sort of unscheduled running mate for the Supra during one afternoon of back-to-back testing. The two cars form an interesting dialectic. The Toyota, immaculately turned out, refined and wieldy, loaded down with all manner of 'extras', wanting nothing but a little individuality. The Maser, by complete contrast, surprisingly tatty, with bits hanging off in the genuine hand-made style, no radio, yet bags of character. For sheer invigoration, it's no contest: pick the Biturbo with its lusty, delicious-sounding twin turbocharged Italian powerplant. It has vitality and above all, identity, a quality which the anodyne (and ultimately characterless) Supra doesn't know exists. Of course that's only the half of it. Introduce a couple of long and languorous motorway journeys into the mix and the Japanese come out smiling.

Which, in a sense, explains exactly the Supra's appeal to our transatlantic cousins. What Joe American wants, above all else, is a machine which looks good on the driveway, cruises comfortably and offers a fairly convincing attempt at fuel efficiency. The sleek yet unobtrusive Supra satisfies all these requirements and even mixes in a little overstyling for good measure. Details like mile-high tail lights and exaggerated body mouldings are sure-fire certainties to appeal to Our Joe's aesthetic illiteracy.

And that pretty well sums the car up. Long on looks, heavy on Americana. A great choice for the executive or high flyer who wants speed and comfort, yet doesn't subscribe to the complete gross-out fire-breathing auto personality trip. But could it be that we are preaching to the converted? Despite the Supra's accepted Junior Supercar status, the roads around Witham seem to be fair crawling with the things. The 'bargain' price tag of just £17,200 may have more than a little to do with this rapid uptake, but Toyota's UK importer must still be well pleased at this vote of confidence from the ranks of the 'user-choosers'. After all, at the end of the day it's the good old punter who counts. Beauty, as they say, is in the eye of the keyholder.

ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES

Not sure which finger to pick your nose with? BILL LYTHGOE reveals all in this fascinating insight into that certain "Je ne c'est quoi" absolutely crucial when entertaining the vicar, collecting your OBE or burying the cat. Royal Ascot will never be the same again!

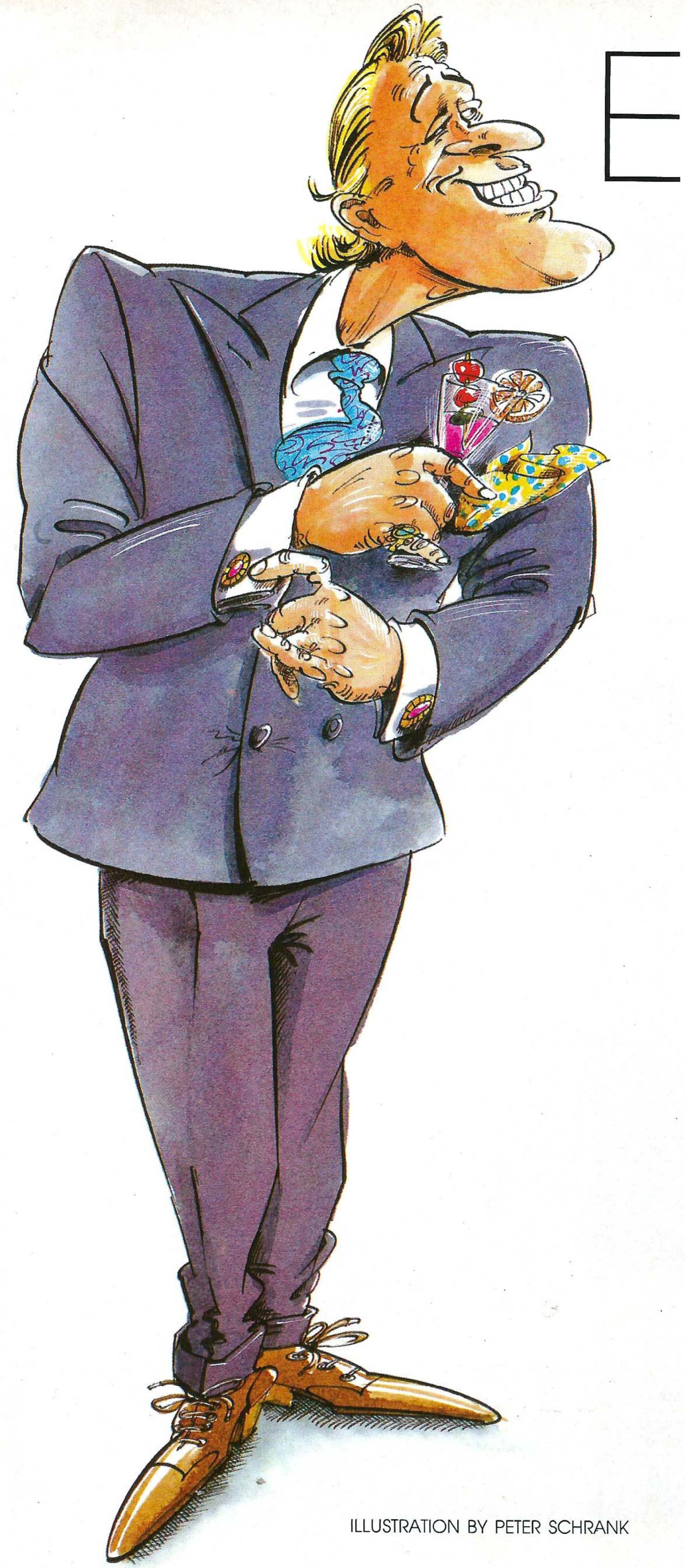


ILLUSTRATION BY PETER SCHRANK

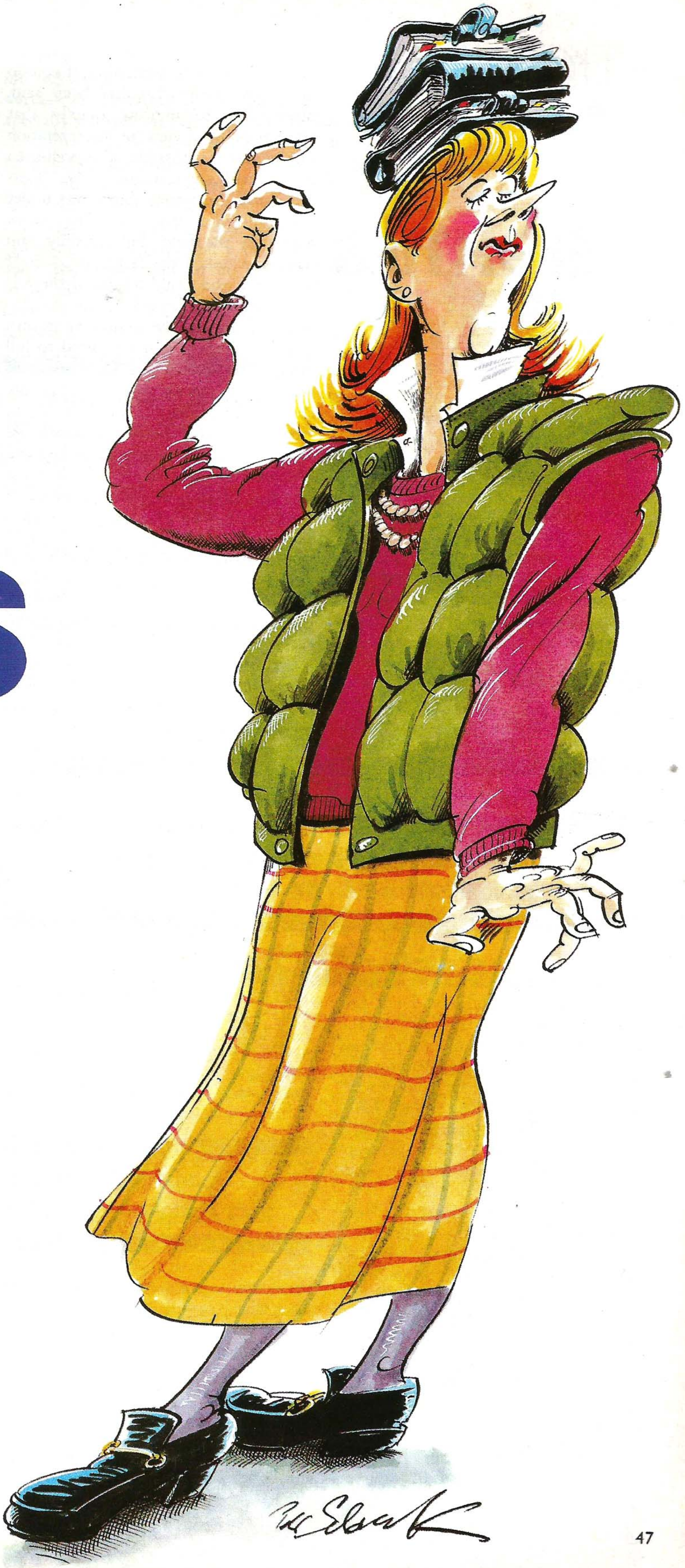
I grew up in the Fifties. Despite The Bomb, Mr Krushchev and Bessie Braddock, they were happy times. We all knew our place and whatever the circumstances, we knew exactly how to behave. This is often put down to sheer subservience, government indoctrination in the schools or what we learned at our mothers' knees. In fact, none of these were responsible. The real reason is that we all read books called "The Secrets of Social Success", "Etiquette for Everyman" or "The Modern Book of Manners".

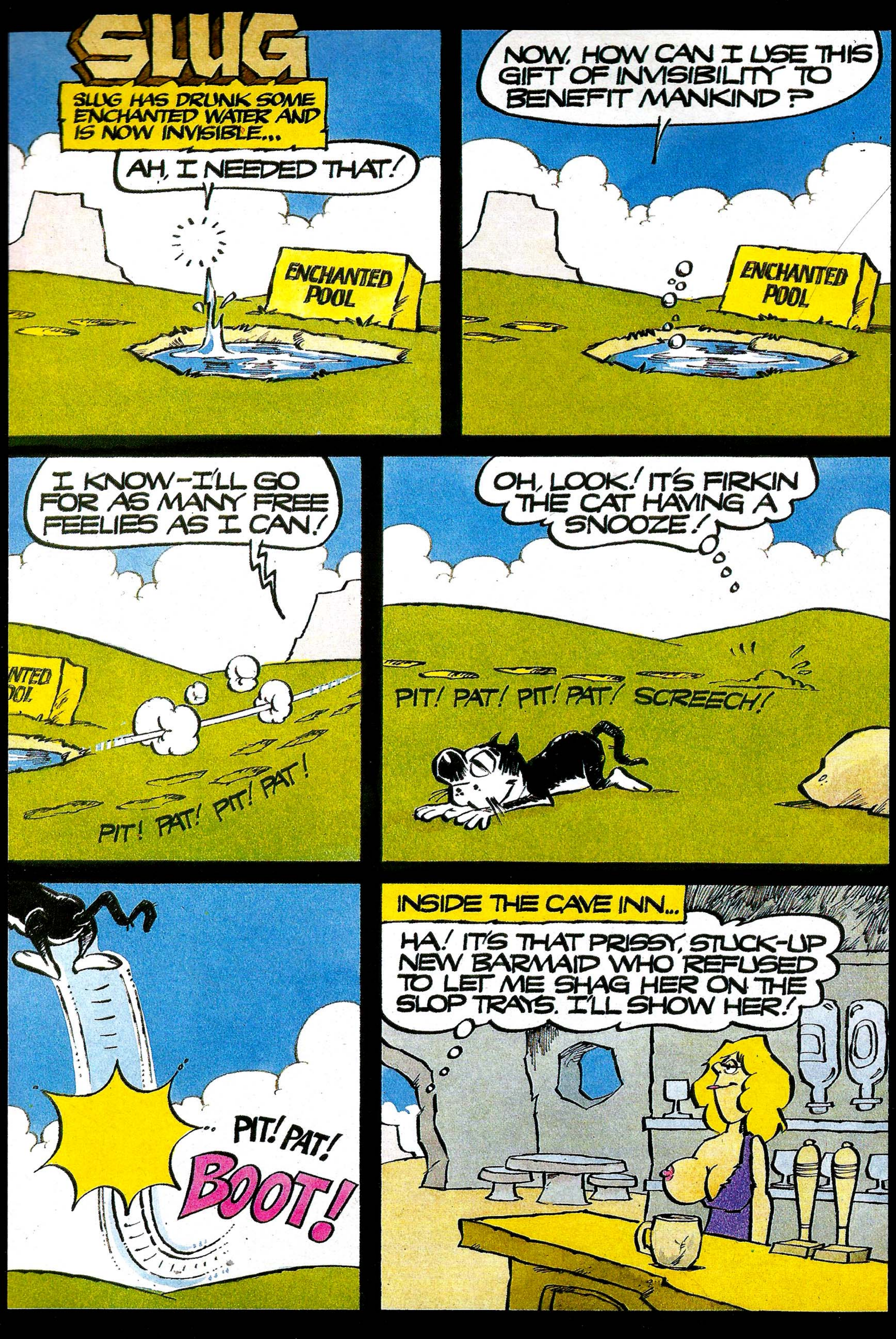
It is glaringly obvious that no such guide exists to the confused and confusing world of today. Always ready to fill in a gap, I am in the process of writing one. I have used the etiquette of the 50s as a starting point and tried to bring everything up to date. Of course, my researches are far from complete, but here are a few essential comparisons. They should be a great help to the gauche young person, worried about how to react to the fraught situations which can arise in the 80s.

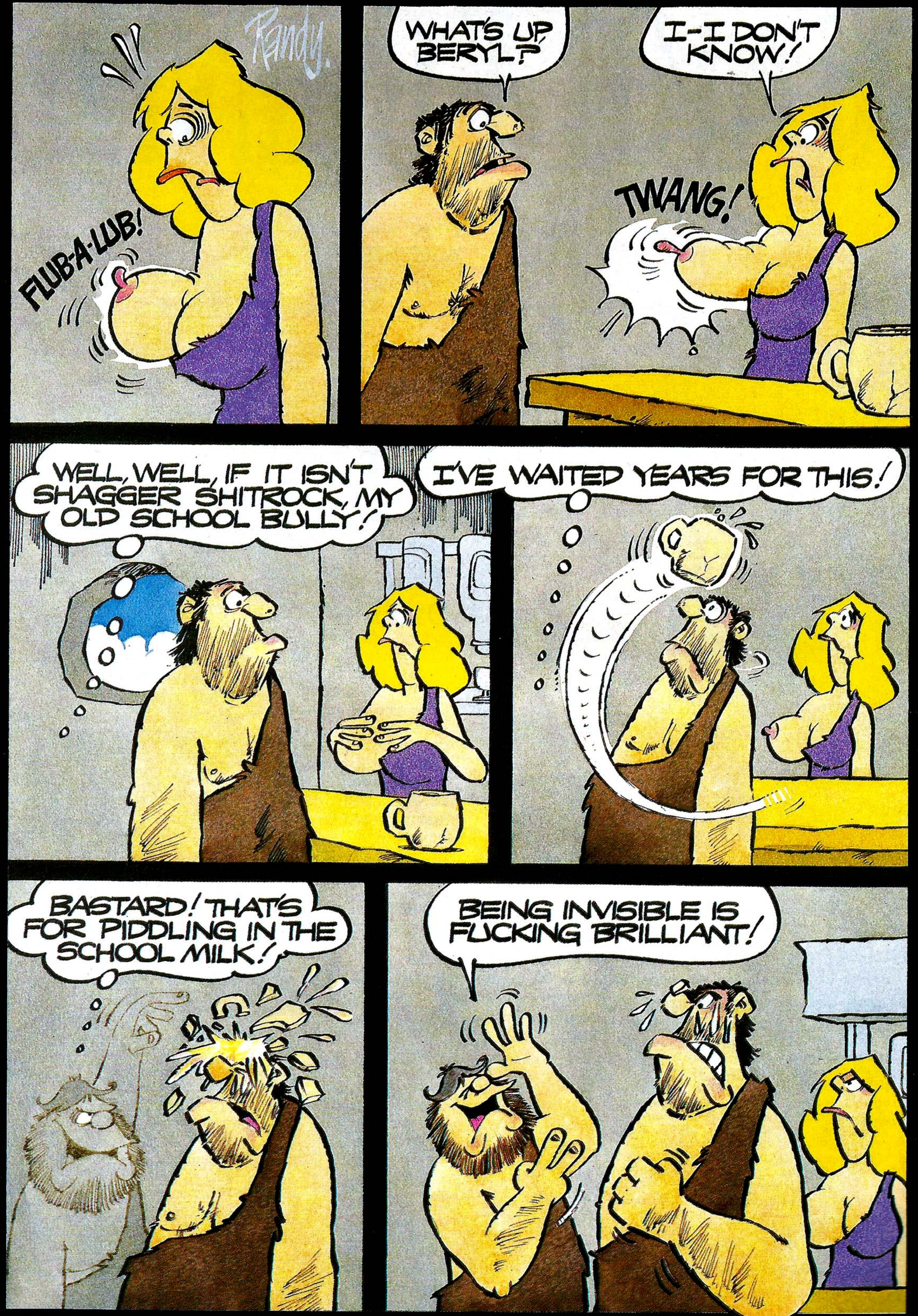
DRESS

50s: The man's clothes should be conservative in style, fabric and colour. His suit should be well-brushed, his shirt spotless, his tie correctly knotted and his shoes polished.

80s: This now only applies to militant




SLUG
SLUG HAS DRUNK SOME ENCHANTED WATER AND IS NOW INVISIBLE...
AH, I NEEDED THAT!
ENCHANTED POOL
NOW, HOW CAN I USE THIS GIFT OF INVISIBILITY TO BENEFIT MANKIND?
ENCHANTED POOL
I KNOW—I'LL GO FOR AS MANY FREE FEELIES AS I CAN!
PIT! PAT! PIT! PAT!
OH, LOOK! IT'S FIRKIN THE CAT HAVING A SNOOZE!
PIT! PAT! PIT! PAT! SCREECH!
PIT! PAT!
BOOT!
INSIDE THE CAVE INN...
HA! IT'S THAT PRISSY, STUCK-UP NEW BARMAID WHO REFUSED TO LET ME SHAG HER ON THE SLOP TRAYS. I'LL SHOW HER!


Randy.
FLUB-A-LUB!
WHAT'S UP BERYL?
I-I DON'T KNOW!
TWANG!
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T SHAGGER SHITROCK, MY OLD SCHOOL BULLY!
I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS!
BASTARD! THAT'S FOR PIDDLING IN THE SCHOOL MILK!
BEING INVISIBLE IS FUCKING BRILLIANT!

NEXT MONTH— IT WAS.

RICHARD O'BRIEN

continued from previous page

actress ..."

"If you have a gift, why not do it. It's like people who say 'I always stretch myself' ... Do what you're good at. If you want to stretch yourself then buy a rack.

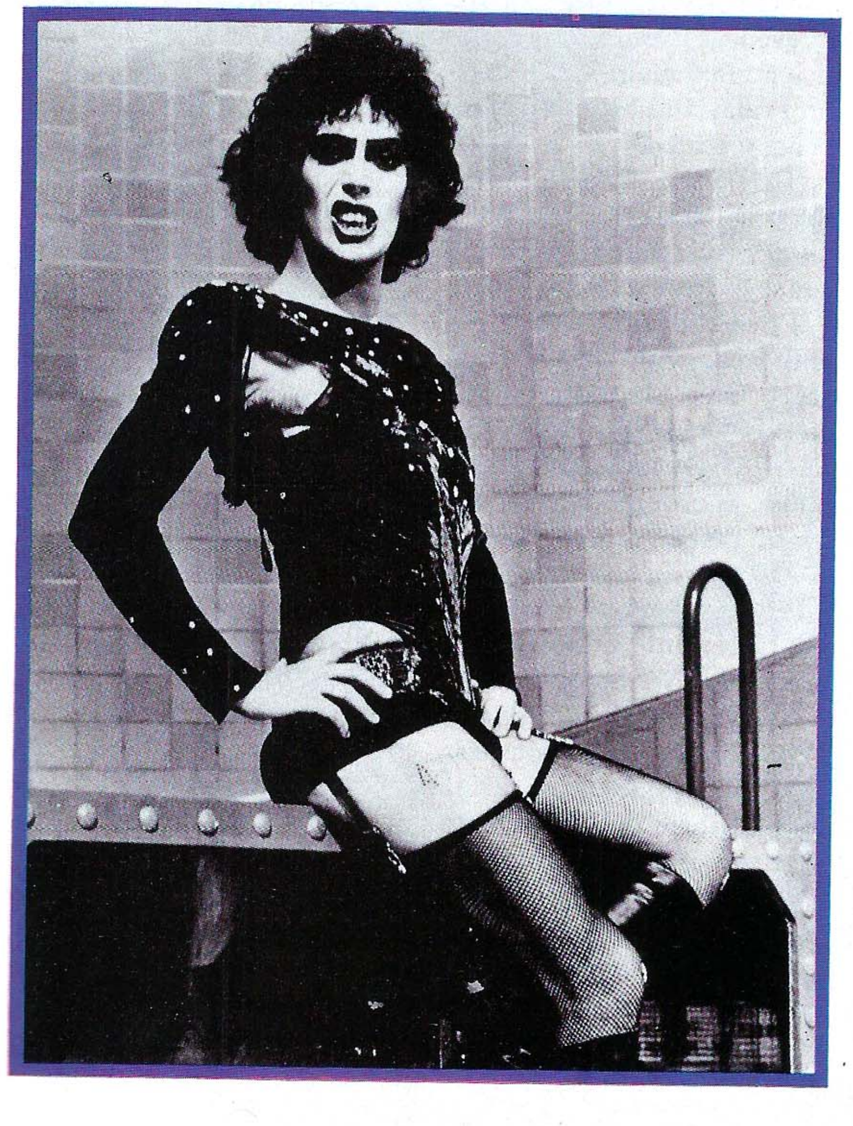
"I'm very much in favour of pop. I like popular music. I like popular fiction. I like people that are able to appeal to popular tastes. I'm not talking about writing down: if your work is tinged with cynicism then maybe that'll come over as a black comedy, perhaps. Who knows?

"What I hate is the attitude of, say, the concert pianist who, when asked about playing *Rhapsody In Blue*, said 'Yes, well, I like to go slumming sometimes.' I could have killed him. *Rhapsody In Blue* is probably the finest bit of American music ever written. It's based on 12-bar blues, which is America's gift to the World. If it's done well, it's the foundation of rock n roll, blues, it's wonderful. To get 20 minutes — which is about the length of *Rhapsody In Blue* — is remarkable. And then to put it down as a lesser art form because it's accessible. I don't understand it.

"I think it's a very suspect lifestyle to become a critic — although it's a bit like professional suicide to say it, because the critics don't like it. But I believe if a critic has the ability to write and the ability to say why something works, like a film or a play or a book, then why don't they write these things?"

"I think critics also believe that we're in this business for self gratification. They don't understand that we're obsessed. I've worked in every area of showbusiness save the wardrobe. I've done the lights, I've slung scenery, I've shifted furniture around the stage — every job in theatre for a pittance, simply because it's my life.

"I know it's a terribly suspect business to be in. Grown-up people dressing up and making believe is highly questionable — areas of exhibitionism, areas of 'please love me', areas of masochism, areas which are quite questionable. But one does it because one has to. Because one is driven.



"I think a lot of these conventions — *Star Trek* conventions and Science Fiction conventions — are wonderful. They get to an audience who appreciate them. What a wonderful thing for someone who is an exhibitionist to actually get an opportunity to actually live out this fantasy. The flasher in the street is an exhibitionist, as we all know, but that's an affront to people who don't particularly want to be in his audience. But for the flasher to find an audience — a flasher's club, so a flasher could get up on stage and there was someone in the audience dying for him to flash. There's nothing wrong with that, he's not hurting anyone.

"This politician in Italy, the porn star who's become a politician, I think it's marvellous. She understands that a pair of tits is going to turn people on. She enjoys doing it, she's got the votes of the people of Italy to tell her it's OK. From an exhibitionist's point of view what a marvellous position to be in! Nothing wrong with it at all. Extraordinary!

Part of the attraction of *Rocky*, I point out, is the licence for men safely to dress up in fishnets and frilly feminine undies. "Well, men have always bought the underwear for women anyway. But they haven't bought it for themselves. Yes, they want their loved one to wear it, but it's for them. And I think women are quite right to say 'Don't expect me to wear this — I'm master of my own destiny and my own body', but if women's lib gets that strong the men will begin to go out and buy the lacy underwear for themselves.

And anyway, men used to dress more outrageously than women.

"The Duke of Wellington was denied entrance to a club because he was wearing trousers — he should have been wearing breeches and silk hose, and he wore the new fashionable trousers. But the suit came in and has remained relatively unchanged since about 1880, I'd guess."

Popular as much of O'Brien's work is, not all of it has had the success of *Rocky*. The sequel movie, *Shock Treatment*, despite having better songs and Barry Humphries (playing a blind German quiz-show host), was a commercial failure.

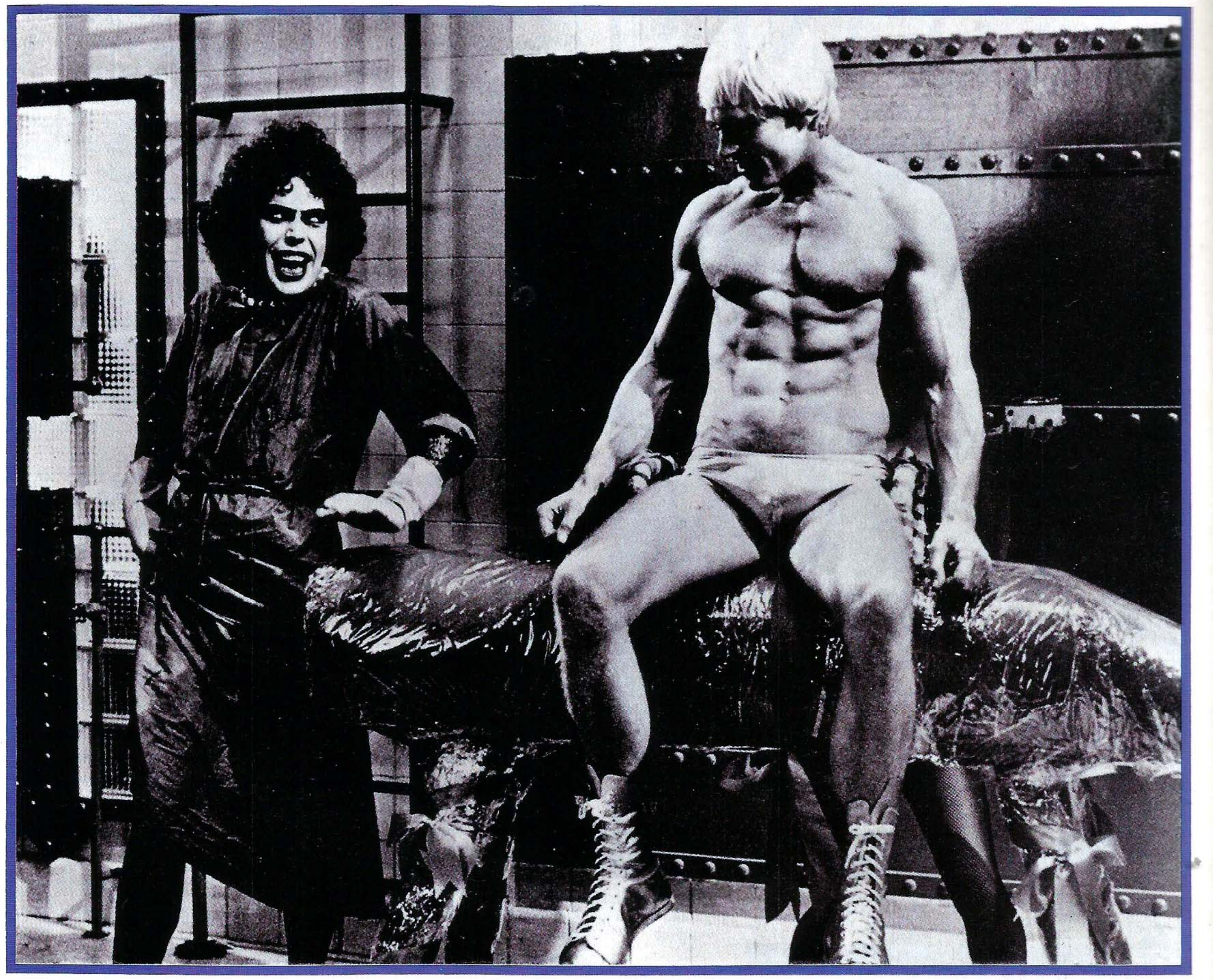
"Barry Humphries is a genius. Not only is he a genius, but he's a very very considerate human being, which I think is more important, as it happens. Success to me is on the deathbed, when we say 'What have we done with our lives?' It's not that we say, 'I built Centrepoint' or 'I wrote *Rocky*' — that's not success. It's 'Who did I touch in my life? Am I still loved? Will people miss me when I go?' That is success. You can live your life in obscurity and be a total success.

"But what went wrong with *Shock Treatment* is simple. It went through too many drafts and the whole thing got dissipated. The storyline went through too many versions — it was 'Monsters Rising From The Grave', it was 'Son Of ...,' it was 'The Return Of ...,' All the Transylvanians were turning up because he'd been reborn — Frank N. Furter had become Frankie Phoenix — *Looking At The Phoenix* was a song that we cut — then he started to dematerialise or fall apart because he hadn't been regenerated in quite the right way. It needed seven virgin boys and, you know, one of them lied ... It was all very decadent again. But we wound up doing something very different ...

Was that because you couldn't get Tim Curry to reprise the role of Frank?

"No. It was because Jim Sharman said 'I don't want to do more of the same.' And what we should have said was 'In that case, Jim, we better get another director.' But we didn't. It was the producer's fault and my fault for not being stronger.

"It's an interesting movie. A study of marriage in the 70s, and role reversal. It had a lot of good things in it. But it fails. And I think my performance is appalling — I'm abysmal in it.



The nice thing about that is that I could never be that bad again. I did have problems with the glasses ... you can't play subtlety if you're hiding behind those lenses. The eyes aren't the windows to the soul any more. And I gave, I think, a fairly poor performance. I cringe when I watch it ... I could have been better.

"I'm slowly coming to terms with the film. Something I haven't conquered yet, but I will. Even in *Rocky* I was far too theatrical. I was starting to get the hang of it in the episodes of *Robin Of Sherwood* that I did. I started to get control as I knew it went out at 5 p.m. here, so I had to scare the pants off the kids, but not terrify them. But at the same time I wanted to make the grown-ups enjoy it on a slightly camp level ..."

Does he ever feel that where *Rocky* is concerned he had created a monster — something he wasn't connected to any more?

"I used to feel that. I felt that when it first started — that I'd given birth to something that had its own life, and I therefore had nothing to do with it. Now I'm ... well, I've always been delighted to have been connected with it. It opens a lot of doors. As a writer, if you have a success then it's easier to see someone. So I get five minutes of anyone's time. And I get to instigate little events for charity ...

"It's been a handicap as far as being a writer is concerned, but I've never considered myself to be a writer. I'm just somebody who writes — I only call myself a writer for taxation and insurance purposes ... It's not a problem.

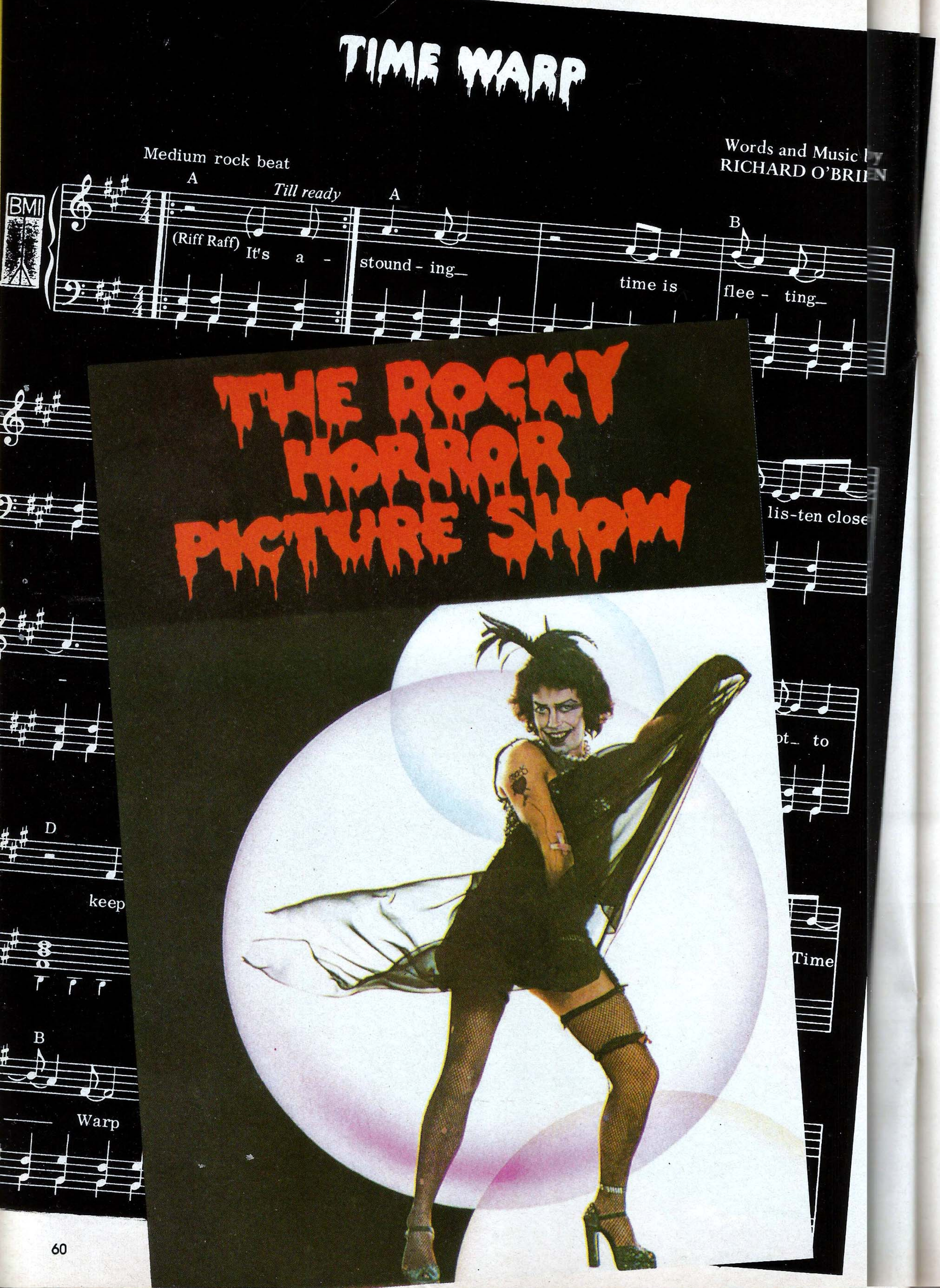
"I think it became a bit of a problem for Tim Curry — people thought that was all he could do, or something. He is a great performer, and he did actually set the definitive style on that character, which others if they've got any sense will take and build on. A bit like Olivier's *Richard The Third.* Nobody else can do the part — Olivier has coloured that performance for everybody, and it's a smiliar thing for Tim as Frank. It's not up to me to talk about Tim's career, but I think Tim has actually perversely gone against *Rocky* as some sort of reaction to playing the part. I'd like to see him embodying all that he gave us in Frank in another role, because it's God-given for him ..."

Rocky started small. Did he have any conception when he was writing the original musical of what it would grow into?

"We thought five weeks at the Theatre Upstairs would be good fun — that's what we thought. The public and the critics have some sort of concept that you're waiting for the 'one big break'. Bullshit — you're very happy that your piece is being performed somewhere: It's 'Hey kids, we can do the show here!' That was what it was about ...

"It was a lovely summer, 1973. The *Rocky* rehearsals came down the stairwells and everybody downstairs enjoyed listening to the music, thought it sounded like fun. Not long before that, we'd just done Sam Shepard's *The Unseen Heart*, and that had been fun, and we had the joy of having a good time — we had a week and a half's advance booking which was unheard-of at the Theatre Upstairs, simply on expectations. Luckily we were able to fulfill the expectations with an evening's entertainment ... Why did it become a cult thing?

"I hesitate to say why. There's a lot of reasons — it appeals to people who like rock and roll; it appeals to people who like



THE KNAVE INTERVIEW

RICHARD O'BRIEN

It has been said of The Rocky Horror Show that you either love it or you hate it. NEIL GAIMAN talks to RICHARD O'BRIEN, the show's creator who, since its opening in 1973, has lived in the shadow of the monster that just will not die ...

I saw the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* in the right environment. Downtown Los Angeles, midnight on a Friday. I was with an ex-Las Vegas Showgirl, who had been before and knew what to expect. I didn't.

Outside the theatre people of indeterminate gender queued: a dozen or so Frank N. Furters (a scientist); multitudes of Riff Raff (a butler); Magentas, Brads, Janets, Eddies, even a couple of narrators. The entire cast of the show writ small, thronging the L.A. sidewalks.

In the lobby there were signs listing items it was forbidden to take into the hall: water pistols, candles, foodstuffs ... The point was made ten minutes later by a young woman dressed as Eddie (a delivery boy) — the cinema had needed three new screens last year after the originals were soaked or food-splattered. So don't throw anything at the screen. Right? Then she introduced the cast of the movie for this performance. All of them young Los Angelenos: the part of Frank — the 'sweet Transvestite from Transexual Transylvaniaaaa', played in the film by Tim Curry — was to be taken by an eighteen-year old girl, dressed as a man dressed as a woman ...

The movie starts. Below the screen, the actors mime, dance, strut and sing.

The audience conduct a dialogue with the people in the movie, telling them what to do, insulting them, chanting responses in unison ("Whatever happened to Fay Wray?" asks Tim Curry from the screen. "She got fucked by an Ape!" shout two hundred Los Angelenos in make-up and fun-furs and fishnets and basques). At one point, the woman I was with was hit in the eye by a flung hot dog (during a song with the refrain 'You're a hot dog, but you'd better not try to hurt her, Frank Furter'); toast, rice, water, candles are all in evidence.

After it was all over, it was impossible to decide what kind of event it had been. Not a movie, certainly. An audience-participational multi-media event: something totally unique. And on Friday and Saturday nights across the world the scene was being repeated.

The movie, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, along with the original stage show (still touring and still packing 'em in all over) was created, written by, and co-starred as butler and Transylvanian Riff Raff, Richard O'Brien.

I met Richard O'Brien on a wet day in London. He's thin, and bald, with alert eyes, a slightly sepulchral voice and a sharp smile. He was promoting a rather weak book (written by someone else: *The Rocky Horror Show Book* by James Harding — *(Sidgewick and Jackson, £7.95)* about the Rocky Horror Show, in order to be able to plug Clouds, a drug rehabilitation centre that he is fundraising for.

We were in a central London restaurant: on each table were some wax crayons — obviously one was expected to draw on the table cloth. O'Brien drew a skull. It was, he explained, his trademark. We began to talk about criticism and creativity ...

"You've got to be very aware of the three P's." said O'Brien. "Pomposity, pretentiousness, and pedanticism. There were these TV profiles I saw of Chuck Berry and Little Richard, and both of them did the same thing at the end — quite extraordinary — Little Richard said 'Yeah I do all this stuff, but what I'm really into is writing religious songs', and they were awful, absolutely terrible. Chuck Berry said 'Yes, I've done all this stuff, but I really actually write poetry,' and he read some, and it was appalling. What is it within a human being that needs to aspire to something and suddenly it's bullshit time? ... I had a girlfriend who was a fantastic artist, and she wanted to be an

ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES

continued from previous page

left-wing councillors. For the rest of us; bank clerks, company directors, businessmen, Tory MPs, out-of-work bookmakers and so on, anything goes.

50s: The well-dressed lady should wear a hat, smart shoes, and gloves should be worn or carried at all times. She may wear a frock or classic suit and blouse according to the occasion. Stockings should have straight seams at the back and be gartered or suspendered tightly enough not to wrinkle.

80s: Wear the stockings [pant], gartered [gasp] or suspendered [drool] tightly, and for me you can forget about the rest.

INTRODUCTIONS

50s: At a party, people are adjudged to be unaware of each other's existence until they have been introduced. It is, of course, the function of the host to make the introductions. He should not just announce names but try to break the ice by giving some idea of each person's interests. He should say something like, "This is Miss Sidebotham who is writing a book about Wittgenstein's influence on the Logical Positivists," or "I'd like you to meet Mr Beauchamp-Smythe, a pigeon fancier from Oldham."

"I'm not an expert in the field, but possibly you have overlooked the fact that Stalin was a totally paranoid psychopath who murdered more Russians than the German army ..."

80s: Most of this palaver has been rendered obsolete by the invention of the T-shirt, which can display any message the wearer chooses. When used wisely, this can be very helpful. I recently met a young lady wearing one that said, "Wine me, dine me and 69 me," which effectively disposed of all those time-consuming preliminaries.

POLITE CONVERSATION

50s: It is ill-mannered to disagree strongly with a person's opinions. Never interrupt or contradict. If you do not agree with what has been said, merely try to indicate quietly that another point of view, or interpretation of the facts is possible. The well-bred person will say something like, "Correct me if I'm wrong, but I was under the impression that ...", "I'm not an expert in the field, but possibly you have overlooked the fact that ..." or "I wonder if you could tell me if there is anything in the idea that ..."

80s: There may be something in this. These beginnings could be used to lull your opponent into a false sense of security, or shock him into actually shutting his big mouth and listening to what you have to say. Consider the effect of "I'm not an expert in the field, but possibly you have overlooked the fact that Stalin was a totally paranoid psychopath who murdered more Russians than the German army." Or "I wonder if you could tell me if there is anything in the idea that Blank United Football Club have never won anything because the chairman's been pocketing the gate money for 20 years, the manager's as thick as pigshit, the players wouldn't know a football from a pregnant armadillo and the supporters are all moronic bastards like you?"

A GENTLEMAN'S BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS A LADY

50s: Within the confines of the modern home it is not always correct for the husband to share the evening chores. However, he should remember small courtesies such as opening the door when his wife is fetching in coal or carrying other heavy weights.

80s: I bet you think I made that one up, but it's straight out of one of the books, honest. It's so up-to-date, it could have been written yesterday. If your wife is a committed feminist, it would, perhaps, be better to leave out the door-opening bit or you may find yourself labelled as a male chauvinist. As an added refinement, the husband could try letting out the bath water to make room for the coal.

"A brief reminder, such as, 'Ey, pal, there's a fucking queue here!' should suffice."

THE CALLS OF NATURE

50s: The inexperienced lady or gentleman, when in the company of a member of the opposite sex, often feels embarrassed about his or her natural needs. This is unnecessary. A lady, of course, goes to "powder her nose" while a man could say, "Would you excuse me for a minute or two?" and casually disappear.

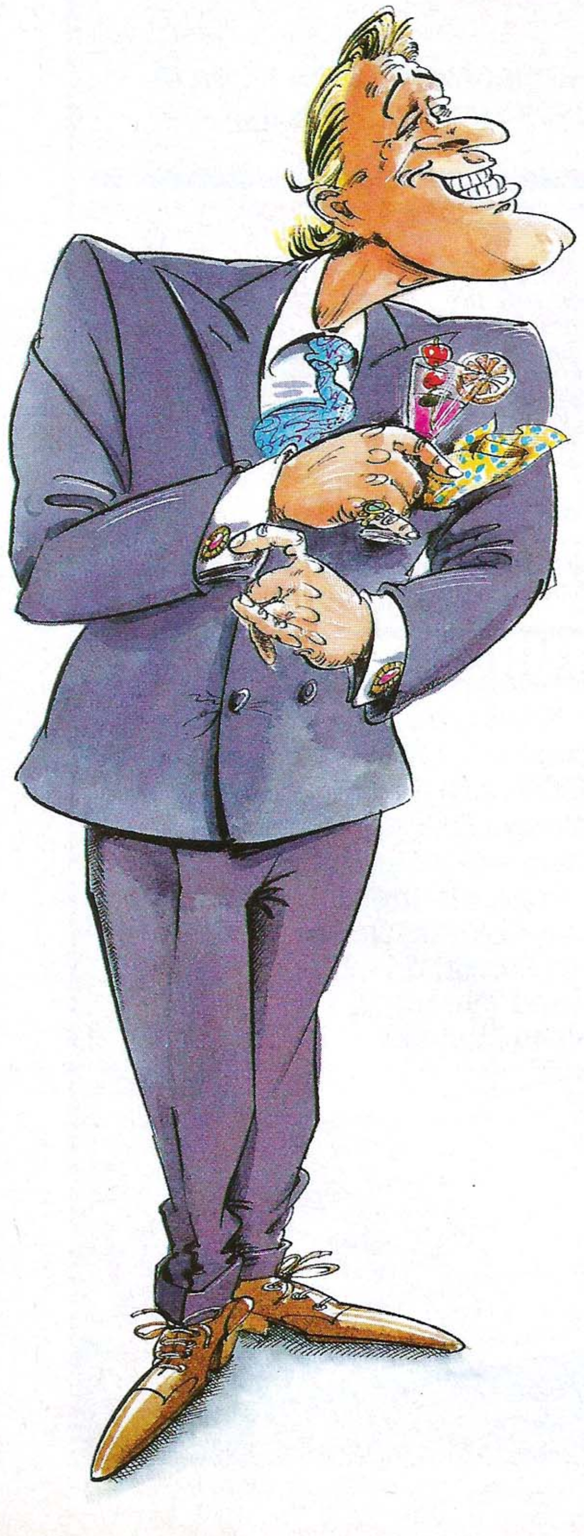
80s: A lady may powder whatever part of her anatomy she pleases, but on no account should a gentleman mumble an excuse and disappear or she'll wonder what the hell he's up to. Far better to say, "Shit, I'm bursting for a piss." Or Vice Versa. On the first date an unambiguous euphemism, such as "siphon the python" or "shake hands with the wife's best friend" may be used.

AT A CONCERT

50s: People go to a concert to listen to the music, so try to avoid coughing, jingling coins or shuffling in your seat during the performance. If you have specially enjoyed an act, you may clap as loudly as you wish, but it is bad form to shout, stamp or whistle.

80s: Heavy metal concert-goers may safely ignore the bit about coughing and coin-jingling I think. If a lady has specially enjoyed a gentleman's performance, she may repair to his dressing room after the show and offer to perform for him in return. If this offer is refused in two short words, she should not be offended. He is merely indicating that he would probably prefer the company of another gentleman.

"The other passengers may ask politely for a little more, or less, ventilation, but the occupant of the corner seat has the option, on giving a courteous explanation of his reason, to refuse this request."



QUEUING

50s: Queues are part of modern life and have developed their own rules of correct behaviour. One doesn't need to wait for introductions in queues. Etiquette doesn't rule out the venturing of a casual remark to start a conversation with a fellow queuer. If someone tries to "jump" the queue and get in front of you, you may firmly, but pleasantly draw his attention to the fact that you, and other people, were there first.

"On the first date, an unambiguous euphemism, such as 'siphon the python' or 'shake hands with the wife's best friend', may be used."

80s: This still applies. A brief reminder, such as "Ey, pal, there's a fucking queue here!" should suffice.

RAILWAY JOURNEYS

50s: When travelling by train, the accepted convention is that the person occupying the corner seat of the compartment, facing the engine, has control of the opening and closing of the window beside him. This is because he is the person who will feel any breeze or draught the most.

80s: The person in the corner seat now has even more reason to retain control of the window. He is the one who will be the recipient of the full force of lager cans, whisky bottles, stale beer and the even more noxious objects and fluids which may be ejected by fellow passengers nearer the front of the train.

50s: The other passengers may ask politely for a little more, or less, ventilation but the occupant of the corner seat has the option, on giving a courteous explanation of his reason, to refuse this request.

80s: On receiving a request, polite or otherwise, to open the window, the occupant of the corner seat should do so without delay. Especially if the request is mumbled due to the fellow passenger's hand being clasped to his mouth. The chances are that he has an urgent need to shout for Hughie or Ralph. It is more comfortable for all concerned if he is allowed to do so through an open window.

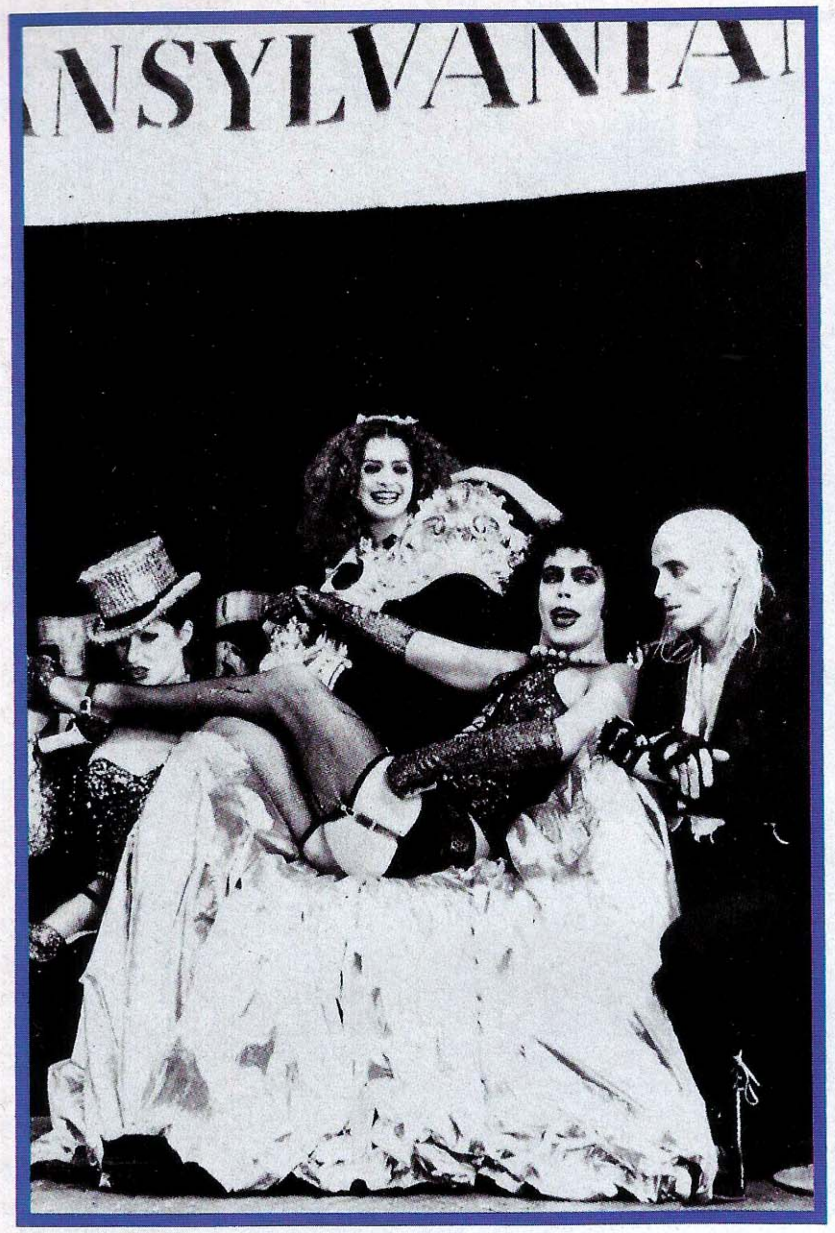
TRAVEL BY BUS OR UNDERGROUND

50s: When the vehicle is crowded do not attempt to take up more than your share of room. It is bad form to spread out your knees, elbows or other parts of the body, or in any way squeeze up to those next to you.

80s: A moderate amount of "squeezing up" is acceptable and indeed can be very enjoyable but do not allow things to get out of hand. Or at least, if it gets out of your hand, try to prevent it getting into someone else's. Try to avoid what we etiquette experts call the Cockfosters Situation (Lady, in crowded Underground compartment: "Is this Cockfosters?" Gentleman: "No, it's mine.").

If a misunderstanding does occur, it is often possible to defuse the situation by the use of a little light-hearted banter. In fact, probably the main, if not the only advantage of living in the 80s is that this apprach can be used successfully in most fields. I cannot recommend it too strongly.

An example of its application in a crowded vehicle is the Liverpool Street Scenario. (Lady, to Gentleman who appears to be causing some friction in the approximate area of her left buttock: "You scum!" Gentleman: "I sure has honey; three times since Liverpool Street.").



THE KNAVE INTERVIEW

RICHARD O'BRIEN

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science fiction; it appeals to people who like B-Movies; it appeals to people who like dressing up; there's the singalong element; and it does put the final nail in the coffin of the American dream, in a way, the death knell of what someone called the 'Ike generation' couple ... It's a liberating sort of piece — not only sexually (I think the sexual liberation is in some ways allegorical. 'Don't dream it, be it' means if you want to write a novel, write it, if you want to paint a picture, paint it, don't just dream it.

Don't dream it, be it...

"That comes from an old Frederick's of Hollywood catalogue, you know. That used to be their by-line. After it came the lingerie adverts. And also an old set designer told me that when I was a young actor — it's a telling, but simplistic philosophy: just try and realise your dreams, because nobody can stop you except yourself. It may not be anything terribly radical, but it's a wonderful thing for an older person to say to a youngster. You feel you have to live by some kind of code that's handed down to you and that's wrong. Realise your dreams. No-one can stop you except yourself."

The stage musicals that followed *Rocky* were unsuccessful ...

"Half the reviews said 'If only he'd stuck with the *Rocky* formula he'd have been alright', while the other half said "It's just *Rocky* all over again" — that was *TZ*, the Tarzan story. It was also written for Meatloaf to play the part of *TZ*, and unfortunately, he decided to go off and make an album, which happened to be *Bat Out Of Hell*, which happened to sell more than 10 or 11 million copies, and there you go ... It went on at the Royal Court and died the death. But it shouldn't have gone downstairs — it was meant to be Upstairs as well.

"I wanted just to entertain — I didn't want to be critically reviewed: I'm an entertainer. I like Low Comedy. I like corny jokes. I like high comedy. I like witty jokes. I wouldn't ever say 'Well, that's low comedy'. If someone wants to make me laugh and they can make me laugh, well that's wonderful."

His current project is a musical version of a well-known Shakesperian play ...

"*Et Tu Rosebud* is my version of Julius Caesar. I've built up the women's parts, I've introduced another character named Maxie, a yellow chariot driver who happens to look exceptionally like Caesar. I've used all of the first act of Shakespeare's play. Lots of songs — Jazz-blues, basically, and Portia, Brutus's wife, becomes the archetypal Jewish mother. At the end we don't know if it was Caesar who got offed, or Maxie, the Taxi driver.

"I want it to go straight onto film. I've had two offers to put it on stage — and I know it will work on stage (arrogant to say that, but you know instinctively when something will work on stage and this will) but I want it to go straight onto film."

Since the reason he is doing interviews is to promote his charity work, I ask him about the Clouds project. What is it, for starters?

"Clouds is an institute in Wiltshire based on the Minnesota model — the same as the Betty Ford Foundation. The aim is to get the patient off drugs, through group therapy and finally coming out clean, and taking a vow not to take drugs again. As far as I'm concerned that's the only way it'll work. What I liked about it best, was the fact that it was offering optimism, not only to drug addicts and alcoholics, but also to their families, who are probably harder hit by that kind of tragedy than the user themselves, quite often.

"Seeing somebody come in after 6 weeks of rehabilitation with a fresh skin and a light in their eyes that wasn't there before, is a wonderful experience.

"They want to open another clinic, and I'm trying to help them raise the money. I'm going up to Dundee to do *Rocky* there — not a performance, but I'll introduce the film for two nights and I'll be there as a guest, tickets will go up a bit, and it'll be a bit more of a party. That's another fallacy, people think that you have to give up enjoying yourself — as Barry Humphries said, he thought Alcoholics Anonymous would be "All orangeade and Jesus". And it isn't like that at all.

"If I can be in any way helpful to someone who has no money and needs treatment ... I mean, 90% of all Heroin addicts want to be off it.

"Personally I will continue to be on the fringes and borders of excess, because that's the kind of person I am. But I think when something starts controlling your life, then it's time to give it up."

What does his future hold after that?

"I've been asked to write a *Rocky* sequel. But I'm not particularly interested in writing 'The Monster Rises From The Grave' any more because I've been through it, and I never want to go back. That's one reason why it's sometimes difficult for me to keep up the interest in *Rocky*. The fans expect it of me, and I can help these charities, but it is something from the past. There are other areas of life. As to the sequel I don't exactly know what road I'll take it down if I do it ..."

Does he have any ambitions?

"Well, I'd quite like to do the Cresta run. My son thinks I'm a fool even to think about it, let alone carry it through to its natural conclusions, which he tends to see as death in Switzerland ..."

The laughter with which he accompanies this last statement is hollow and sepulchral ...

JOKER

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

THIS FELLOW from South of Watford (wherever that may be) was on his first business trip to the hairy north.

In spite of his pals' warnings and the language problem, he ventured to sample the local night-life, and in due course ended up with his car in a quiet lay-by and a delightful little blonde with her tongue halfway down his throat.

Well pleased with developments so far, he put a hand on her knee and she responded with an uppercut that nearly lifted him through the sunroof, explaining: 'sithee lad, in Barnsley it's tits first!'

• • •

'DID YOU HEAR that the Assistant Editor of Fiesta died?'

'Yes, I've seen the obituary in the papers, but I wonder who else died with him?'

'What do you mean with him?'

'Well, it says that 'with him one of our best employees died'.'

• • •

A MAN is running along the banks of a river panting heavily. He spots an angler and asks him: 'Have you perhaps seen my wife passing by in a green dress?'

'Yes, five minutes ago.'

'Oh good, then she can't be far.'

'That's right, the current's not very strong today.'

• • •

THE FIESTA EDITOR had to study for fifteen days to pass his urine test.

DID YOU hear about the idiot who squashed a hedgehog to get the conker out?

• • •

A MAN GOES for a job with a forestry firm. The site boss says to the man, 'first, come outside and tell me what sort of tree that is.'

'Oh, that's an oak tree, sir!'

Right, very good. What height is it?'

'It's exactly 62 feet high, sir.'

'So the boss gets the tree measured, and sure enough it is exactly 62 feet high.

'Right, last question, if you get this correct you've got the job,' says the boss. 'Tell me, which is the back of the tree?'

So the man walks around the tree a few times and says, 'That's the back, sir.'

Amazing, how do you know that?'

'Easy, someone's had a shit behind it.'

• • •

THEN THERE WAS the French guy kissing his girlfriend goodnight when she crossed her legs and broke his neck.

WHY ARE PROSTITUTES like aeroplanes?

Because they both have cockpits.

• • •

THREE NUNS were sitting on a park bench when a man came up in front of them and flashed. Two of them had a stroke, but the third one wasn't quick enough.

• • •

A FEMINIST agreed to accept her boyfriend's proposal only if she wore the trousers in their new home.

They boyfriend immediately replied: 'I'll agree to a compromise. You wear the trousers and I'll retain the right to work the zipper!'

• • •

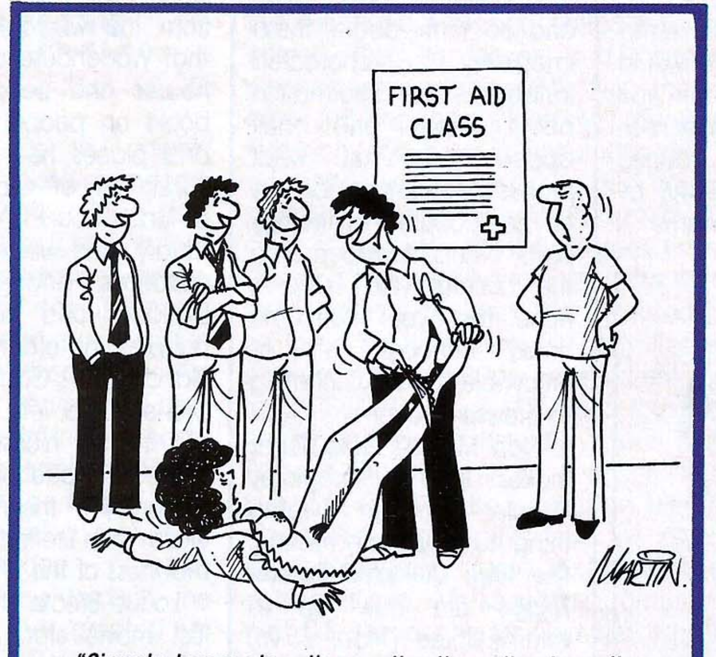
WHAT DO YOU call a septic cat?

Puss!

• • •

ON A TRANSLANTIC flight a stewardess approached a man and said, 'Would you like some of our TWA coffee?'

'No,' said the man, 'but I wouldn't mind some of your TWA tea.'



"Simply loosening the patient's collar is quite sufficient, Mr McQueen!"

THE LATE EVENING stroll along the canal bank revealed two figures far ahead in the swirling fog. The pair were obviously the worse for drink and the stroller watched aghast as one of them tottered into the canal. His friend was too tiddly to pull him out completely but with his friend's head and shoulders on the bank, he began to pump his chest enthusiastically. Water in vast quantities gushed from the half-drowned man's mouth.

Running as fast as he could to the scene of the drama, the stroller gasped, 'What the hell do you think you are doing?'

'I'm giving him artificial respiration,' came the slurred reply.

'In that case,' the stroller replied, 'You had better drag his arse out. You're emptying the canal.'

• • •

THEN THERE WAS the jerk who thought that an itchy fanny was a Japanese motorbike.

• • •

THE MAN WAS bragging about his prowess with the ladies. 'After five minutes with me,' he said. 'Women moan that their lips are on fire and their limbs are all weak and trembly.'

His companion was unimpressed: 'Sounds like they've all had malaria to me.'

• • •

WHAT DO YOU give the girl who has everything?

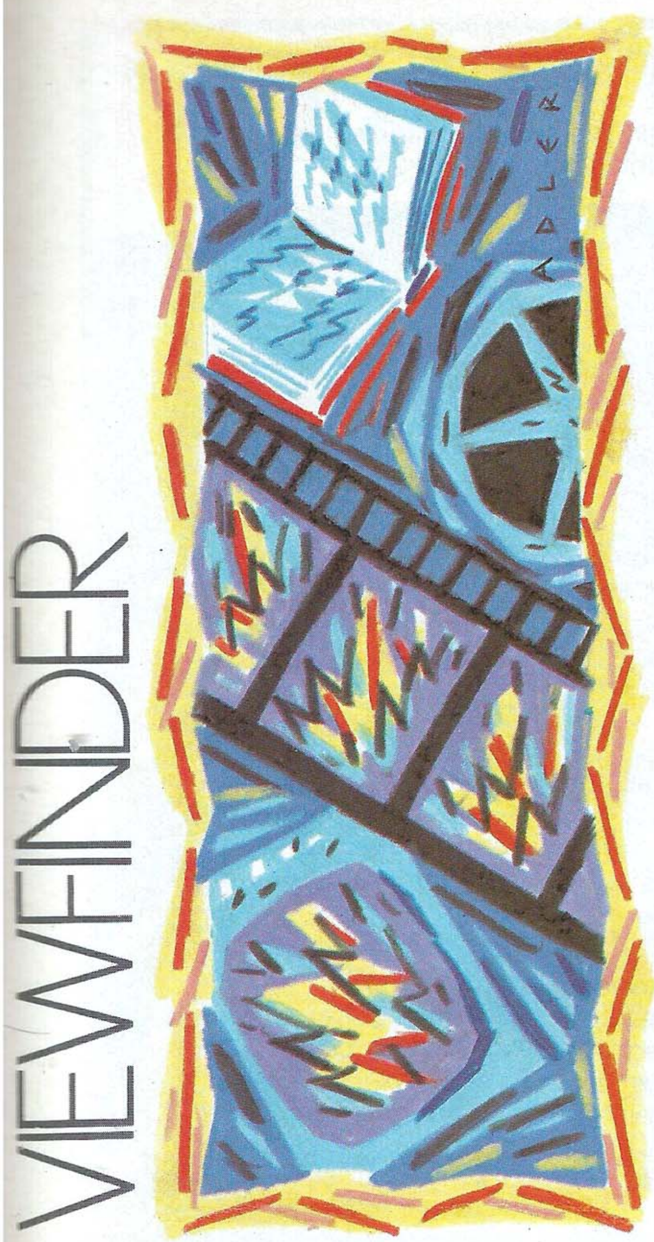
Penicillin, for starters.

• • •

MAN TO ATTRACTIVE girl in pub: 'Do you kow the difference between a cheese sandwich and a blow job?

'No,' she replies curiously.

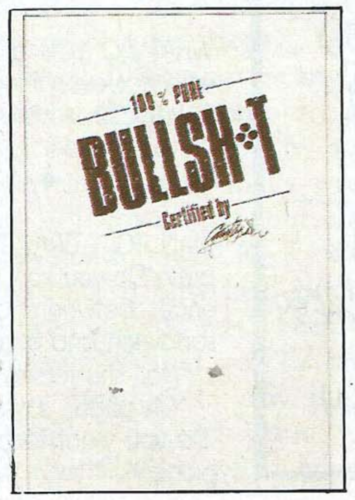
'Oh good,' says the man. 'Do you want to come to a picnic?'



Books

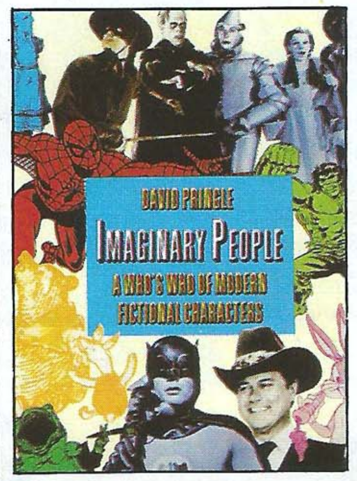
Pretty Personal
George Daugird
Strange encounters– the weird and wonderful world of contact ads

I'm glad I'm not a tree. It's not just the ever-present threat of Dutch Elm disease, the danger of small animals living inside one, or the way that a good British Hurricane can leave one face down feeling stupid; what would be really terrifying is that someone would cut you down and turn you into books like ***Pretty Personal*** by George Daugird *(Sphere, £2.50)*; ***Bullshit*** by someone who's name I can't read *(Sphere, £2.50)*; or even ***The Daily Mirror 'It's a Fact!' Book*** *(Futura, £1.95)*. Books without any redeeming features: useless crap.



Ronald Searle is one of my favourite cartoonists. His study of ***Paris, Ah yes, I Remember It Well...*** *(Pavilion, £7.95)* is wonderful. The faces, the buildings, the cars – even the dogs – are quintessentially Parisian; the Paris of cobbled back streets, drooping Gauloises from lower lips, and disgruntled tourists. A lot cheaper than a day trip to Paris for roughly the same end result.

Imaginary People by David Pringle *(Grafton, £14.95)* is in spirit – and occasionally in execution – both a fun book and a valuable work of reference. It's a who's who of imaginary characters: Batman and Winnie the Pooh, Sherlock Holmes and Basil Fawlty rub shoulders. What tends to let it down is the author's reliance on secondary sources for information, and what seems like an often exhaustive listing of films, books and so forth about these imaginary characters instead of information about them and their appeal. After all, what makes some characters live on in popular mythology while others disappear into the cultural void? One is none the wiser from the book, although it's as enjoyable as it is irritating to browse through.

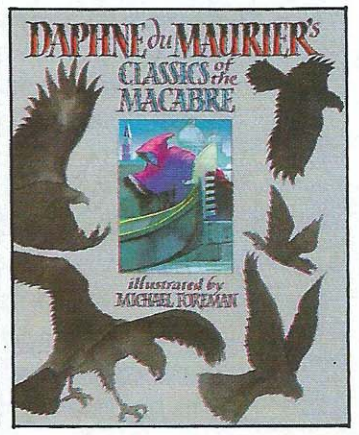


Alan Moore's Halo Jones makes it into *Imaginary People*, although Swamp Thing is mysteriously missing. ***The Titan Collected Swamp Thing***s are now up to volume three *(Titan, £5.95)* – and it's the strongest collection yet. A dark messiah kills the Swamp Thing's loved one ... Undead murderers and a visit to Hell are on the agenda, and the Bissette-Totleben art team are really getting into their stride. For once, the art looks much better in black and white.

The English are mad. Eccentrics and cliches, all of us – at least, if you read P.G. Wodehouse. Lt. Col. N.T.P. Murphy does and is, and has written a book – ***In Search Of Blandings*** *(Penguin, £6.95)*. It sets out to prove – and proves, at least to the reader's satisfaction – that Wodehouse's world was not invented from the whole cloth, but that Wodehouse based the houses and people in his books on people he knew and places he'd been to. So Lt. Col. etc. spent years of lunch hours in the British Library, and weekends and vacations driving around England and talking to people in order to find Blandings Castle, the Drones Club, etc. etc. Boring in the nicest possible sense – Wodehouse lovers will enjoy it; the rest of the world can reflect on the madness of the English ...

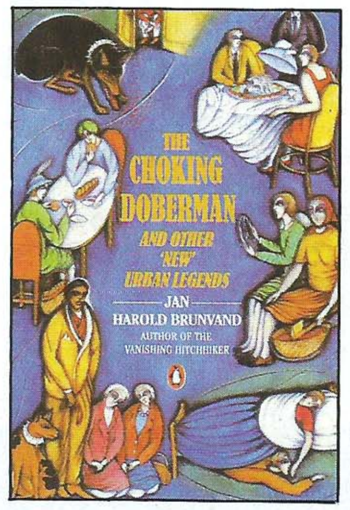
Louise Brooks is the great lost movie star. Easily the sexiest and for my money the most beautiful female star that Hollywood ever produced. Unfortunately for Hollywood, and perhaps for Brooks, she didn't fit the mould. In ***Lulu in Hollywood*** *(Arena, £6.50)* you'll find out why. You'll also get some of the most accurate (and trenchant, and compassionate) memoirs of Hollywood, and of some of the stars of Hollywood – Bogart, Fields, Garbo – that you're ever likely to read. Absorbing, illuminating and intelligent.

Myra Breckinridge and its sequel, ***Myron***, have been reissued in one volume *(Andre Deutsch, £12.95)* with an introduction by the author (Gore Vidal). Both of them bitchy, curiously dated books: Myra is the sex-change novel, Myron the fantasy/movie/time-paradox book. Paperback curiosities both of them.

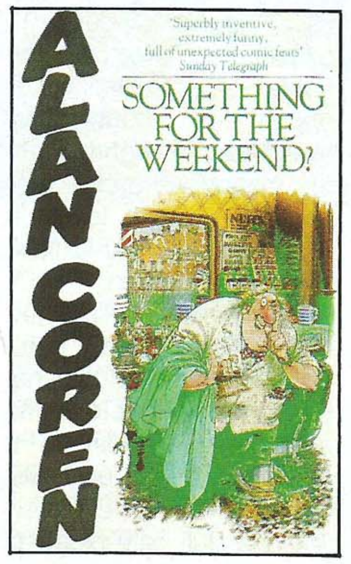


Daphne Du Maurier's ***Classics Of The Macabre*** *(Gollancz, £10.95)* is illustrated by Michael Foreman, and collects together some of her best and chilliest short stories. There's the filmed and famous *The Birds*, the (ditto) *Don't Look Now*, and four others. The stories are treasures, the illustrations delights. And it's so nice to see colour illustrations in a book for adults. After all, kids get them all the time ...

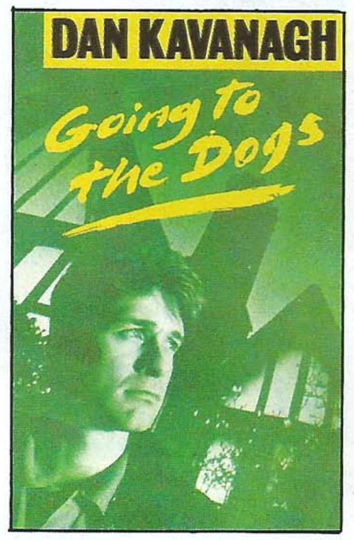
A Doberman, choking on the fingers of a mysterious black burglar; the note that reads 'People can lick too'; the hairy-armed hitchhiker with a meat cleaver in 'her' handbag; Satanic messages on soap packets ... It's all the stuff of urban legends: the folklore of the twentieth century. Tales believable recounted in pubs and clubs. Friends of friends. There was this bloke, you see ... ***The Choking Doberman And Other 'New' Urban Legends*** by Jan Harold Brunvand *(Penguin, £3.95)* is a wonderful collection and gloss on this art-form. Highly recommended.


THE CHOKING DOBERMAN
AND OTHER 'NEW' URBAN LEGENDS
JAN HAROLD BRUNVAND
AUTHOR OF THE VANISHING HITCHHIKER

Something For The Weekend by Alan Coren *(£2.50)* was harshly reviewed in these pages when it appeared in hardback. I enjoyed it vastly more in paperback, although it's difficult to tell whether this is due to the improvement in the material, an improvement in this critic's taste, or the fact that, in comparison with most of the limp and squalid dreck that passes itself off as humour currently being published, this book is a work of genius ...


ALAN COREN
'Superbly inventive, extremely funny, full of unexpected comic feats' Sunday Telegraph
SOMETHING FOR THE WEEKEND?

Julian Barnes may well be a respected and respectable novelist (he is), but I have a great deal more time for his sleazy alter ego Dan Kavanagh, whose latest crime thriller, ***Going To The Dogs*** *(Viking, £10.95)* takes bisexual ex-cop Duffy well out of his depth. Who threw the body through the library window? Who's taking what? Who's doing what with the snooker balls, eh ...? A gutsy, diverting thriller which says more abour Britain in the 80s than most serious novels ...



W.C. Gull

Book
Of The Month

You'll have to shop around for my Book of the Month this month. I bought my copy – you go buy yours too, okay? Now, the best single newspaper cartoon strip in America is called Bloom County. With a cast of characters that includes a five-year-old black computer hacker, a penguin named Opus, a muck-raking pre-teen journalist, a guy in a wheelchair, a big-mouthed lawyer in sunglasses, and an occasionally dead communist cat called Bill who tends to throw up, gag, choke, and have fleas ...

The strip is like a funny Doonesbury. Its analysis of life, love, sex and politics in the 80s is superb – and unfailingly funny. Berke Breathed (author and artist of the strip) gives us a wonderful mix of naivety, charm, cynicism, and sheer venomous satire.

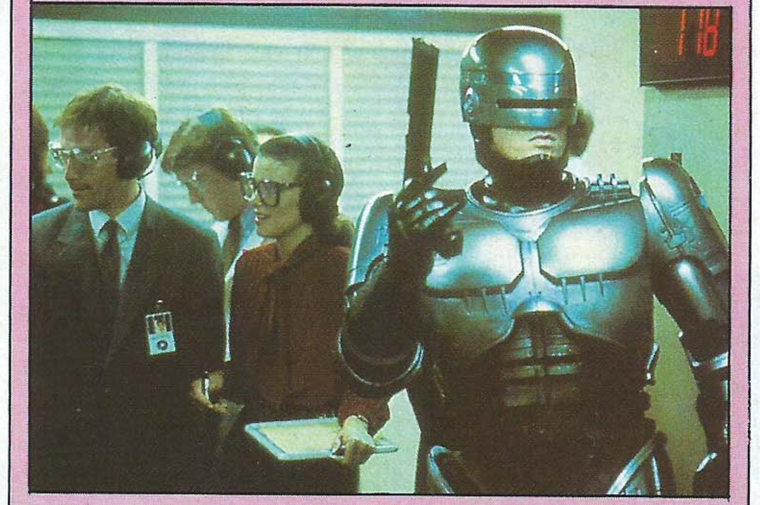
The book is called ***Billy And The Boingers Bootleg*** *(Little, Brown and Company, £5.95 from specialist shops, Virgin Megastores, and all sorts of weird places)* – Billy and the Boingers being a rock group (formerly Deathtongue), and the Bootleg comes complete with a flexidisc. Wonderfully funny ...

W.C. Gull

Movies

Predator pits the mighty Arnold Schwarzenegger against Another Thing from Outer Space. It all happens in guerilla-infested jungle. You might call it Rambo plus Tarzan versus *Alien*. On the whole I liked the battles between humans best. Quite satisfyingly nasty, what with Yank commandos pouring bullets into already burning men and hand-grenades sending corpses flying through the air with the greatest of ease. This film is a feast for gun and knife freaks. The publicity hand-out specifies that Schwarzenegger uses an M-16A2 with an M-203 grenade launcher equally capable of firing buckshot, smoke, and HE. 'Bill Duke as Mac carries the Maremont M-60E3, the newest squad weapon adopted by the U.S. Marines, and Sonny Landlam as Billy carries the

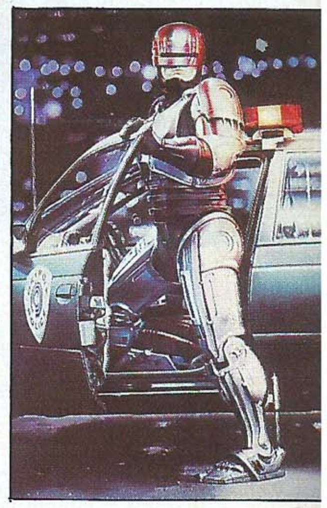
Movie
Of The Month



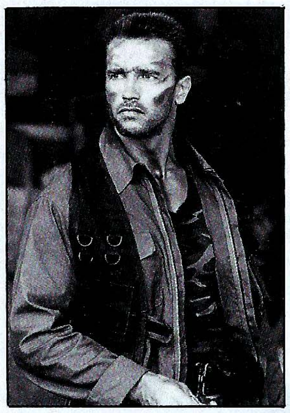
It's neck-and-neck to be Film of the Month. One thing's for sure: it'll be a Photo-finish. *Robocop* forces the pace, his skin gleaming, his mighty limbs moving like pistons, his visor face showing neither effort or emotion of any kind. But well abreast of him is the *Predator*, an intergalactic alien who's just a trick of the light while he's lean and hungry, but when he's fattened himself up on his fill of human blood (Green Beret grade) he looms like a monster newt with dinosaur beak and lobster-claw moustache. But here come *The Lost Boys*, skimming low over the ground like bats out of Hell, with safety-pins in their ears, vampire fangs instead of wisdom teeth, and eyeballs of bright yellow. Yes, it's a dead heat. So your nonplussed critic will have to toss a coin ... and ... ***Robocop*** it is.

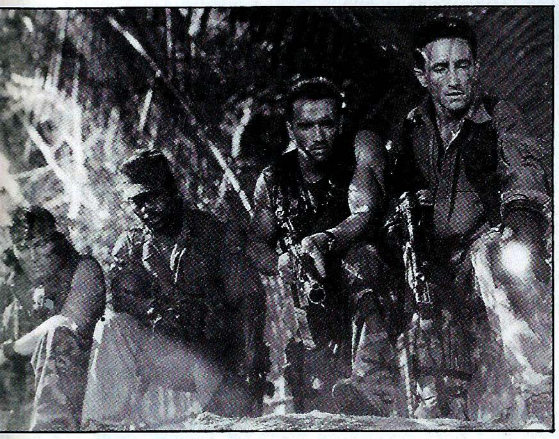
He's a robot policeman patrolling Detroit in the very near future. The city has just privatised its police force. And the profit-hungry corporation that runs it plans to cut out strikes by phasing out human flatfoots and phasing in cyborgs instead. Their first design is a monster contraption like a mechanical excavator with twin machine-guns instead of arms. Just one snag; it can't yet manage stairs, and ends up thrashing about like a pneumatic drill having forty fits. The company's second design is built around all that's left of a horribly murdered patrolman, just a slice of his face and most of his brain. Mostly he goes by the book, but sometimes he makes Dirty Harry look like Mary Poppins. Only one thing calms him down: the two-fisted police-woman whom he loved before he lost his body. The sight of her refreshes the parts that his law-enforcement programming cannot reach. But here's one Hollywood romance that can't have a happy ending; for they didn't issue him with a bionic willy. Perhaps that will be for *Robocop Two*. Meanwhile, here's plenty of G.B.H. to be getting on with, as he hunts a whole menagerie of bad guys, from the psychopathic punks who killed his human frame to the white-collar criminals who equipped him with secret programmes that would give the next U.S. President goose-pimples if only he knew. Yes folks, see it and gape.

Eddie Hartley



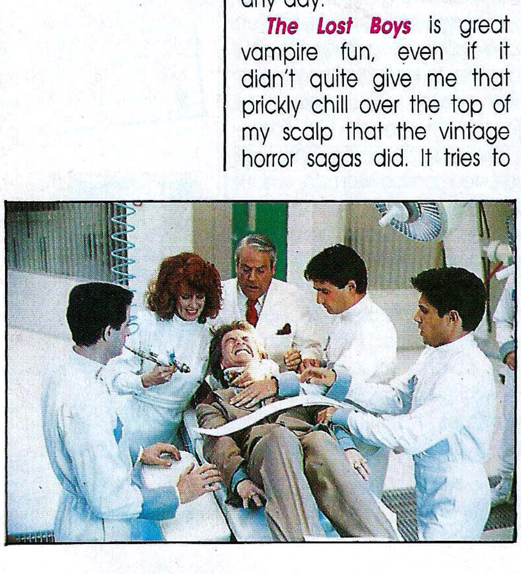
M-16A2, virtually two guns in one with a pump shotgun underneath.' But the piece de resistance is Jesse Ventura's handheld Gatling Gun, capable of firing around 6000 rounds per minute through its six rotating barrels. Ventura described the experience: 'You grit your teeth and you hold on and away you go. It's like firing a chainsaw. My character, Blain, calls it Old Painless.' After all the destruction and panic in this picture, all I can say is, if this is how U.S. crack carry on, I'd rather be the enemy than neutral any day.





The Lost Boys is great vampire fun, even if it didn't quite give me that prickly chill over the top of my scalp that the vintage horror sagas did. It tries to do for vampires more or less what *An American Werewolf In London* did for the other species. So, when big brother realises that he's started lusting after his kid brother's blood, they discuss it fraternally, try to talk it over with mother, and when she doesn't understand, they team up with two young assistants in a vintage comics shop, who double up as vampire-busters, and come rushing to the scene on their push-bikes. Some great moments. Like a bathtub filled with a mixture of holy water and garlic juice which act like acid on the vampire who tumbles into it. Bowls of junk food which turn into slimy creepy-crawlies inside the eater's mouth. And a vampire dog who chews through fence-stakes like you or I would snack on potato-crisps.

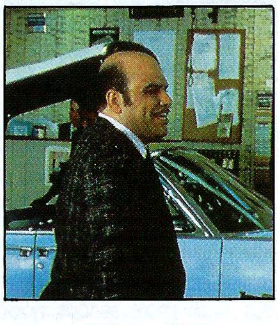
Eddie Hartley



Although the word 'vampire' is never used in **Near Dark**, this low-budget 'romantic thriller is one of the screen's most intelligent portrayals of the undead for quite some time. What the movie lacks in glossy production values and technical pyrotechnics is more than compensated for by the clever script, stylish direction and a fine cast of character actors. When restless Oklahoma farmboy Caleb Coton (Adrian Pasdar) meets the sultry Mae (Madonna lookalike Jenny Wright), an apparently innocent love-bite results in a bizarre metamorphosis of his body. No longer able to exist in strong sunlight without his flesh searing, Caleb is drawn into the twilight world of Mae and her sleazy group on nomadic travelling companions (led by an evil-eyed Lance Henriksen). But despite being super-strong and immortal, they must drink blood to survive, and Caleb is allowed to stay with the rag-tag band as long as he forgets his conscience and makes a kill ... Atmospherically photographed against the flat plains of the American West, *Near Dark* gives director Kathryn Bigelow a welcome opportunity to bring a wistful lyricism to a hackneyed myth, while at the same time presenting audiences with some expertly handled violent set-pieces – the sadistic slaughter of a bar full of customers and a subsequent motel shoot-out are particularly impressive. Discarding such usual genre trappings as fangs and opera cloaks, *Near Dark* is a classy vampire movie with a real bite to it ...

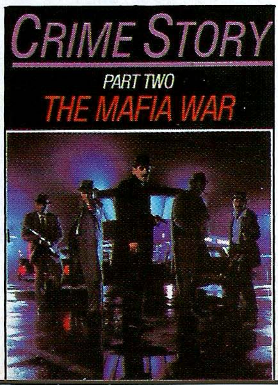
Stephen Jones

Videos



When **Crime Story** was released a few months ago, I expressed the hope that *New World Video* would dig out the full TV series which followed this impressive pilot and swiftly release it onto the video market. My wish has been rewarded with the appearance of the tapes **Crime Story II – The Mafia War** and **III – Blood Feud**, although to some extent it's a mixed blessing.

The problem is that there was something like 12 hours of programming put together for the full TV run, which has been edited down into just a couple of two-hour videos – a strange move, now that the public has finally taken to the idea of long mini-series on tape with such offerings as *Amerika* and *Shaka Zulu*. While the **Crime Story** tapes are not, by any means, a complete cock-up, the joins are a trifle obvious in places, making for a slightly stilted storyline.



Nevertheless, this very stylish (not to mention expensive) production survives in good enough order to remain near-compulsive viewing, and I can't imagine any of the millions of viewers who enjoyed the pilot either missing out on Parts II or III or being unduly disappointed with the entertainment.

It is still Chicago 1963. Lt Mike Torello of the Major Crimes Unit did not kill rising young villain Ray Luca during the cliffhanger ending of the first episode (no surprise, as it would have been a waste of a good monster) and so must continue to stalk Luca through the underworld, waiting for a legitimate opportunity to nick the quiffed mobster.

For Torello, it's far from plain sailing. Luca's ambitions draw him up the ladder of organised crime until he is acting as go-between for a couple of capos – although, as everyone can guess, his intention is always to double-cross everything in sight. While this behaviour makes Ray relatively easy to follow, it makes him bloody difficult to slap the cuffs on.

Meanwhile Torello must still deal with such mundane matters as psychopathic serial killers, and the fact that his marriage is breaking up right under his nose.

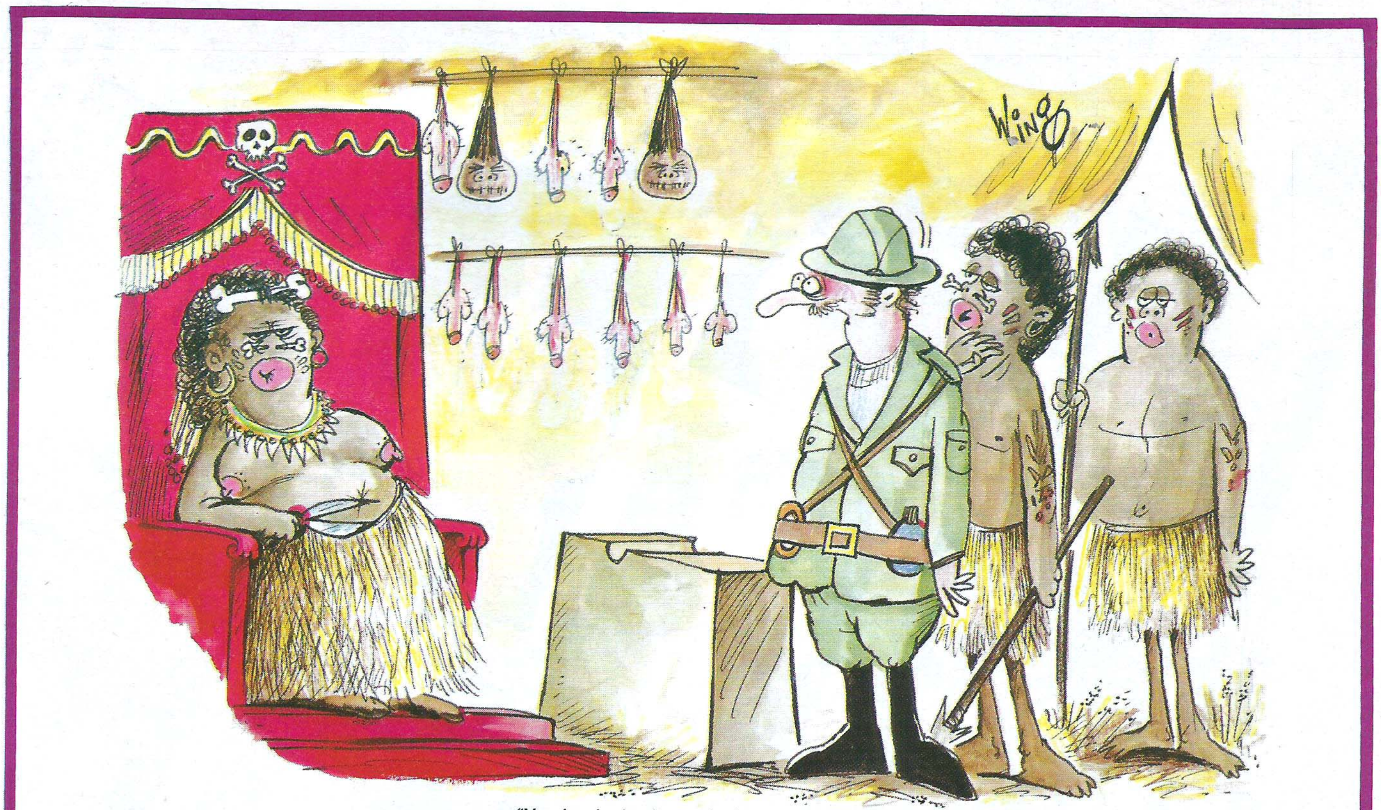
Good stuff, with plenty of

ALANA

Devout readers of Knave should recognise Alana (well, certain parts of her anatomy at least) as she regularly makes an appearance within these pages. She was last seen in the company of an extremely fortunate snake (the lucky bastard still hasn't recovered), and it may also be of interest to note that she can currently be seen modelling naughty lingerie in the Knave Silk And Satin Special (subtle plug).

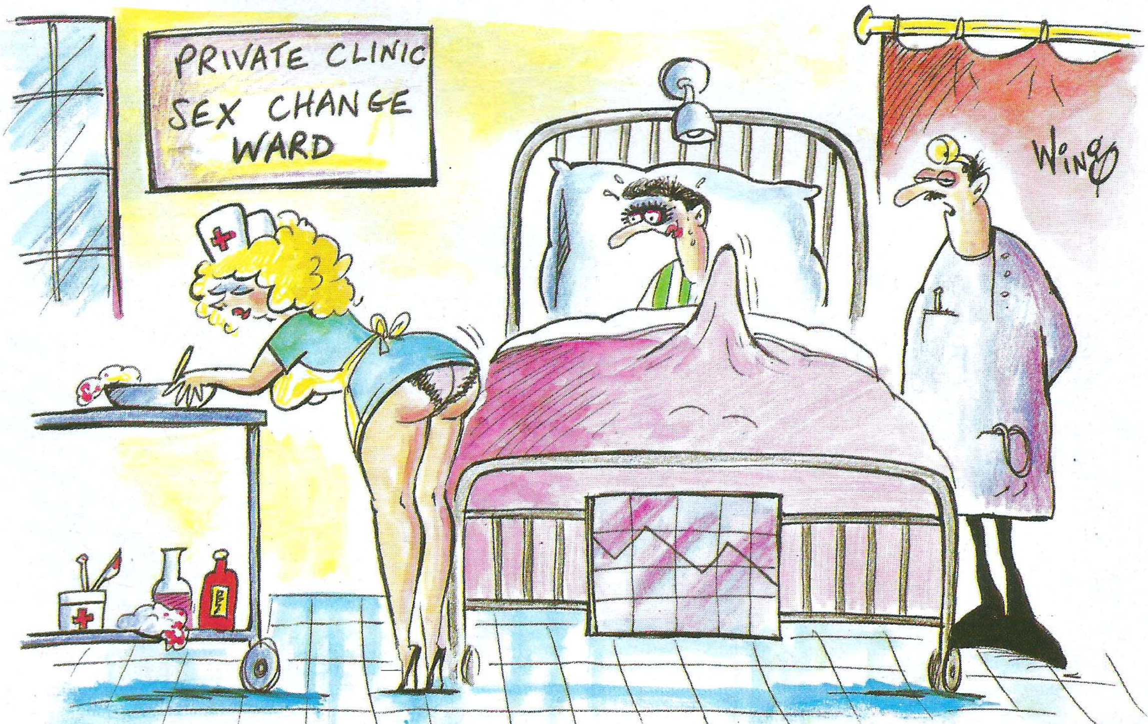
Actually, I was going to start this blurb with some predictable pish about us fucking up the contents page and this being the Test Drive feature. But I didn't. So there.

Quite why Alana is putting El Gutto's new mean machine through its paces I don't know. To be perfectly honest, I don't care. I'd sooner sit and study the stylish lines of that classic bodywork – sod the car.



"You're in luck — she's gone off shrunken-heads!"

LAUGH WITH Wing


PRIVATE CLINIC
SEX CHANGE
WARD
Wing

"Are you sure you still want to go through with this, Mr Shakeshaft?"

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Firmly ensconced in her role as healer of inferiority complexes, massager of bruised egos and disseminator of arcane advice, BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, battles on. Why the crusade to bring light and enlightenment to the world? Well, partly it's out of the goodness of her heart, but mostly it's because her projected book on blow jobs in a monetarist economy was turned down and she needs the money.

Q: Do all orgasms have to be earth-shattering? I'm beginning to wonder if I'm having 'proper' ones! — R.H., (Frant).

A: Only in the movies! Don't be silly, precious reader. Climaxes come in all sizes, from mild tingles to whoopee economy size. It all depends on a hundred things, like the time of the month (for her), the mood, feelings about the partner, techniques used, physical state, etc. ...

A woman can have quiet climaxes which can be very satisfying. Sometimes men like to have a lot of noise and thrashing around because it boosts his macho pride to think he gave her so much ecstasy. If she's quiet, he idiotically thinks he's failed. Poop.

If you're worried that your orgasms aren't 'big' enough or 'proper' (!) enough, either call the poll-takers in for observation or a better idea: listen to your body while you masturbate — get to know how your heatwave feels, relax and enjoy your individual kind of reaction.

Q: Big penises versus small penises — tell the truth, Bette. From the woman's point of view, which really gives the greatest pleasure? — J.P., (Aberdeen).

A: (Sigh) There was a time when everyone thought that big penises gave more sexual satisfaction (unless you were a tiny woman). Get this Arab suggestion from the 16th century (The Perfumed Garden): 'Wash the member in warm water until it becomes red and enters erection. Then take a piece of soft leather, upon which you spread hot pitch, and envelop the member in it. It will not be long before the member raises its head, trembling with passion.' Yow. Some club. (And the club turned into one dead member). No wonder they're losing the war. And similar ludicrous claims — in one form or another — continue to defraud you guys. Every sex researcher has proved that penis size has NOTHING TO DO with female pleasure. And most women agree. Now, some women think that a thin cock doesn't cause enough friction against vaginal walls (they admit that it's easier on the mouth, however). Again, research proves otherwise: the vagina expands just enough to 'hug' whatever it meets (the exception being the really tiny, infantile, size). Those women are most likely victims of cultural conditioning. Anyway, they can always get on top for more pressure. So the final word? Big penises don't bring more happiness! RIGHT? It's what you do with it that counts!! When are you all gonna believe that?

Q: What I want to know is, why the insistence on a new position every week for a good sex life? With the exception of about three of them, I don't get much out of the rest — and the climaxes, if they come at all, aren't that good. Am I normal? — O.R. (Dublin).

A: Of course, of course! Poor baby — pressure, pressure...you don't have to play sexual olympics to get a good orgasm, and not having one doesn't mean failure, either, you know. The point is to experience different sensations, not go for the goal. (Once you've gone and got it, the game's over, right? Enjoy the journey for a change.) Try a few of those other positions again — a little practice can help. Anyone who can get an orgasm swinging like a sloth from a chandelier, congratulations. I didn't. But I sure had fun. Besides, what's boring with one woman, might be explosive with another. Even a resulting fit of giggles can be a great aphrodisiac. Point is, just enjoy what works for you, and forget the rest.

Q: Is it actually true that sex can give you a headache? It's been a staple joke in countless films — and it's always said by women! — P.G., (Southampton).

A: It is true, for a few of us. The heart rate increases and the rise in blood pressure that is a side effect of orgasm can result in a throbbing head. Interestingly enough, most of the sufferers are men! (Movies can be sexist, can't they? Roll off, Doris Day!)

Q: Every month during my period I get very horny. Is it odd to want sex at that time? If it isn't what should I do? — K.P., (Ashbury).

A: A lot of women get excited during that time, don't worry! Go ahead and do what you want to! I know some men also think it's exotic — something about it being primal and earth-mother and very female and all of that — protect the sheets with a towel. A diaphragm can contain some of the flow of blood. Get your man good and aroused. Have some tissues by the bed. Scare the horses, upset the neighbours and have fun! It's natural and matter-of-fact — he shouldn't be squeamish if you're not. (If he is, send him to my tent.)

Q: I am writing to you to ask if you could give me some advice on blow-up dolls, as I am thinking of purchasing one. The more expensive one is, the better quality it will be? — K.N., (Wickford).

A: Ms. Noire doesn't believe in judging anyone, mate (unless someone's getting hurt). But think twice, my friend, when it gets to the point where a balloon-like piece of plastic with two holes can give you some kind of satisfaction. Think. Do you disrespect yourself that much? Has it gotten that bad that this symbolises a woman?

If you're that lonely (and make no mistkae — everyone's been through loneliness to a miserable degree), go to pubs. Try a dating agency. Friends of friends. Meet 'em jogging, in museums, football matches, night classes, discos, clubs, work ... they're out there. If you're that physically desperate, masturbate to fantasy, or video. At least there's a live sex-object there. Human.

Don't resort to plastic. Get off your ass and meet the real thing, with spirit and kindness and brains. And asking about the quality of blow-up dolls is like asking the price of melons. If you're using them for any other purpose than eating, the difference is negligible.

Q: My girlfriend tells me that there's a connection between the size of the penis and the size of the thumb. Well? — L.B., (Hackney).

A: And the cheque is in the post. And Thatcher has a heart. And British Telecom is cleaning up their act and the Easter Bunny is busily painting eggs and Dirty Den's going straight and the country's weather people will predict another storm.

What'll they think of next??

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GORDON LYNN

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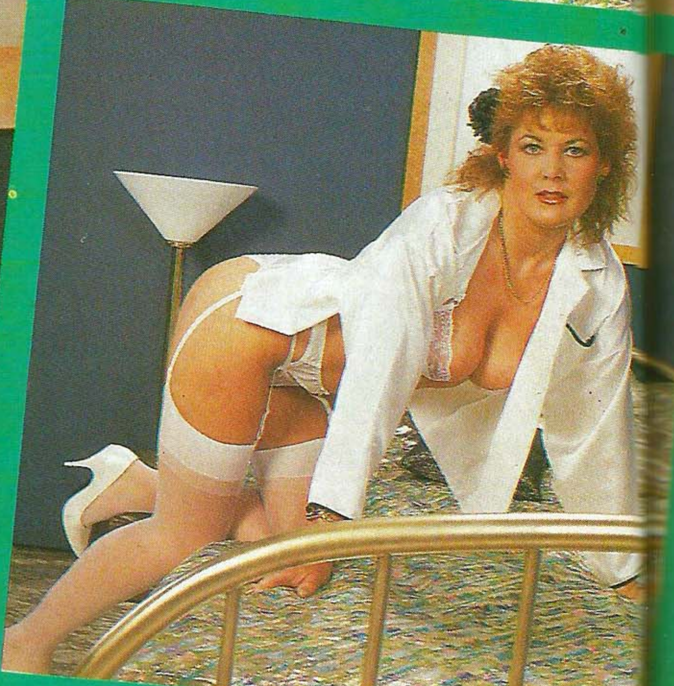
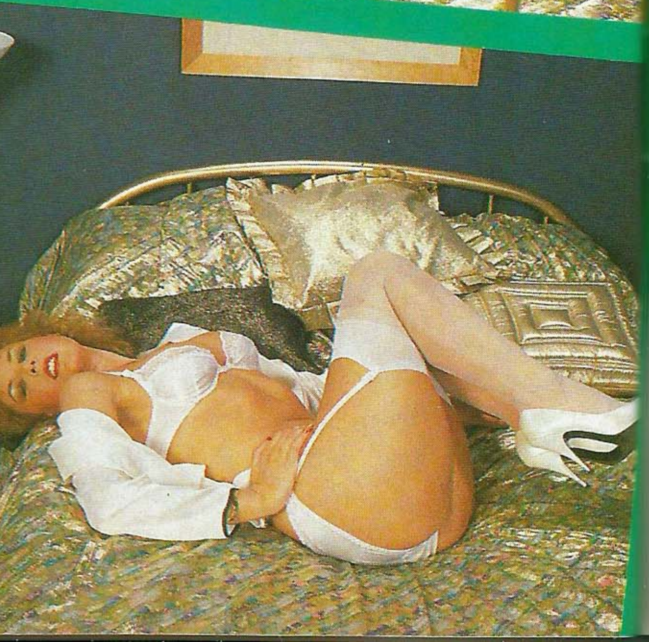
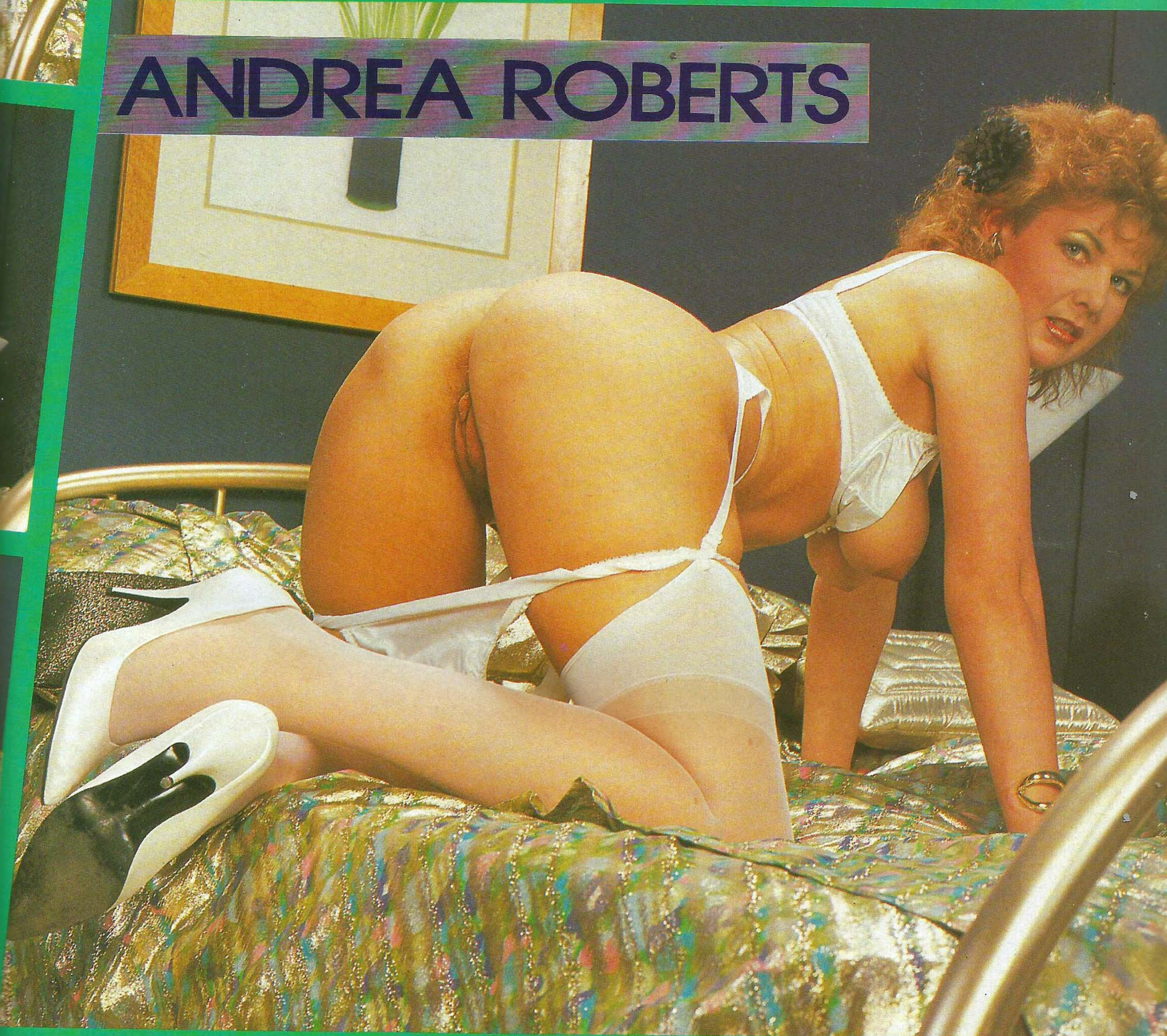




AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it — how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.

ANDREA ROBERTS



Twenty-one-year-old Andrea Roberts from Taunton in Somerset was delighted when we offered her the chance to appear in Knave — and not just because she was eager to take a break from answering telephones in a stuffy solicitors' office.

Andrea accurately describes herself as bubbly and lively, and says she loves showing off — as you can plainly see. Who's complaining? I'm not, that's for sure ...

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

Knave is always on the look out for likely lasses for our Amateur Model of the Month feature! As long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine, girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature. All we want is three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the girls look their best. We pay our Amateur Models £200 for their day's work at our studio, and we pay £25 to the photographers for sending us their polaroids or prints. A career in glamour modelling could start right here — as a Knave Amateur Model!

This November, the second Knave Amateur Model Special Issue will be published — another great Knave Special full of your favourite Amateur Models! We will soon be selecting the cover girl for this issue from amongst our Amateur Model feature applicants. The lucky cover girl will receive a £200 bonus on top of her £200 modelling fee — and the photographer who sends in the snapshots of our cover girl for the Amateur Model Special will receive a £50 bonus, as well as his £25 fee! We will also be publishing in the Special a large selection of the polaroids and colour prints sent in by our readers for our Amateur Model feature — so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave — and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

WANTED GIRLS!

MODEL'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE OF BIRTH ....

SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....

SIGNATURE ....

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, PO BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE ANTONY

CALISTA

Nothing fishy going on here, oh no. At one with nature is Calista, a keen swimmer and ardent admirer of all things natural – which is why she's treating the wildlife to a generous eyeful of her ample charms.

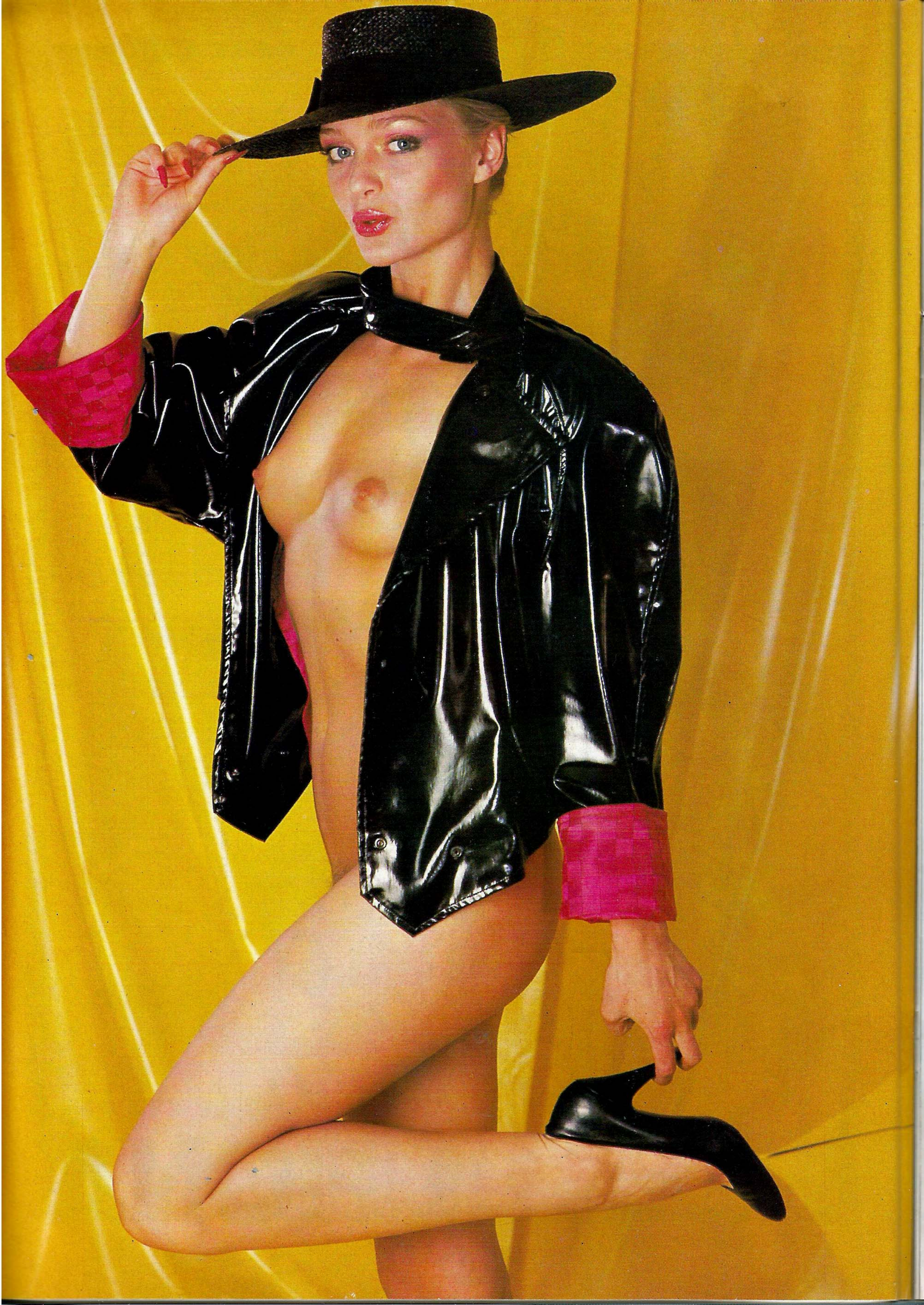
According to 'the Blurb Writers Pretentious Pocket Guide To What Girlies' Names Really Mean (Abridged Version)', Calista is the name given to a girl thought to be beautiful beyond the ordinary – and who am I to argue?

Given the time (and half a chance) I should dearly love to join her – preferably below the waist.

Oh to be a fish ...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON HURST

FIONA



No expense spared with this set, I can tell you. A quick trip into town to buy two dozen extra strong yellow bin liners, and Bob's your second cousin twice removed.

Fortunately, Fiona's fabulous form (slick alliteration, huh?) is more than enough to take your mind off the cheap, plastic scenery – unless you happen to be an extremely depraved dustman, in which case the wet-look bin liners are probably a far greater turn-on.

El Gutto seems to like the wet-look, too. He only had to look at Fiona and he was wet ...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

HELENA

FIONA

KNAVE

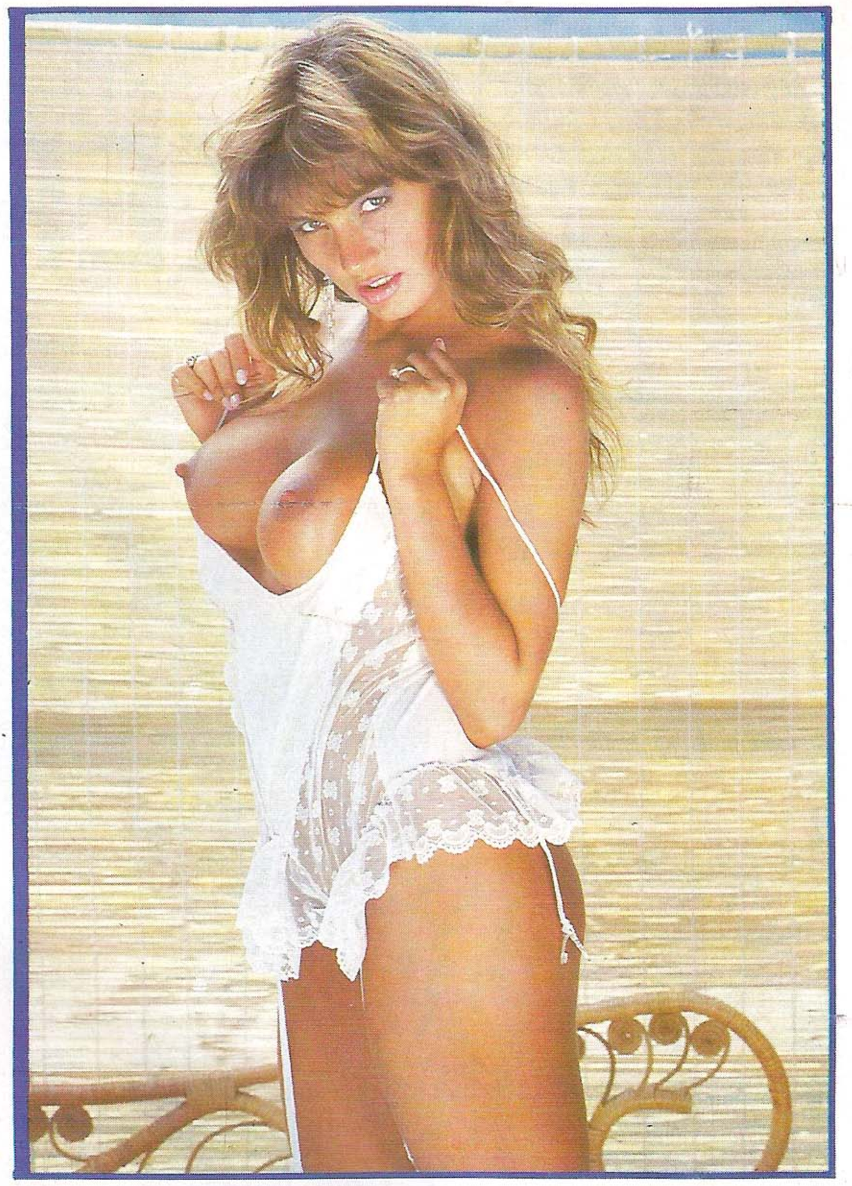
There'sh not a lot I can shay about Helena – apart from "Phwoaaarr!" Actually, I could shay more, but my headsh shpinning far too much, and it wouldn't make much shenshe anyway ... three hoursh in the Grevioush Bodily Armsh does thish to a chap, don't you know. It'sh a common ailment amonghsht ush journalishtic typesh, known ash writer'sh droop *(You mean illiteracy – Ed.)*. I know what I want to shay, but I'll be bound with barbed wire and buggered if I can get it out.

Um ... the fur'sh not real, that'sh for shure – nothing to do with moralsh, either. No expenshe shpared here, shunshine. Helena is mosht definitely real though – ash real ash the two handsh in front of my face. I think. No I bloody amn't pished. I've got a piece of Shalt 'n' Vinegar crisp shtuck in my tooth, thankyouverymuch.

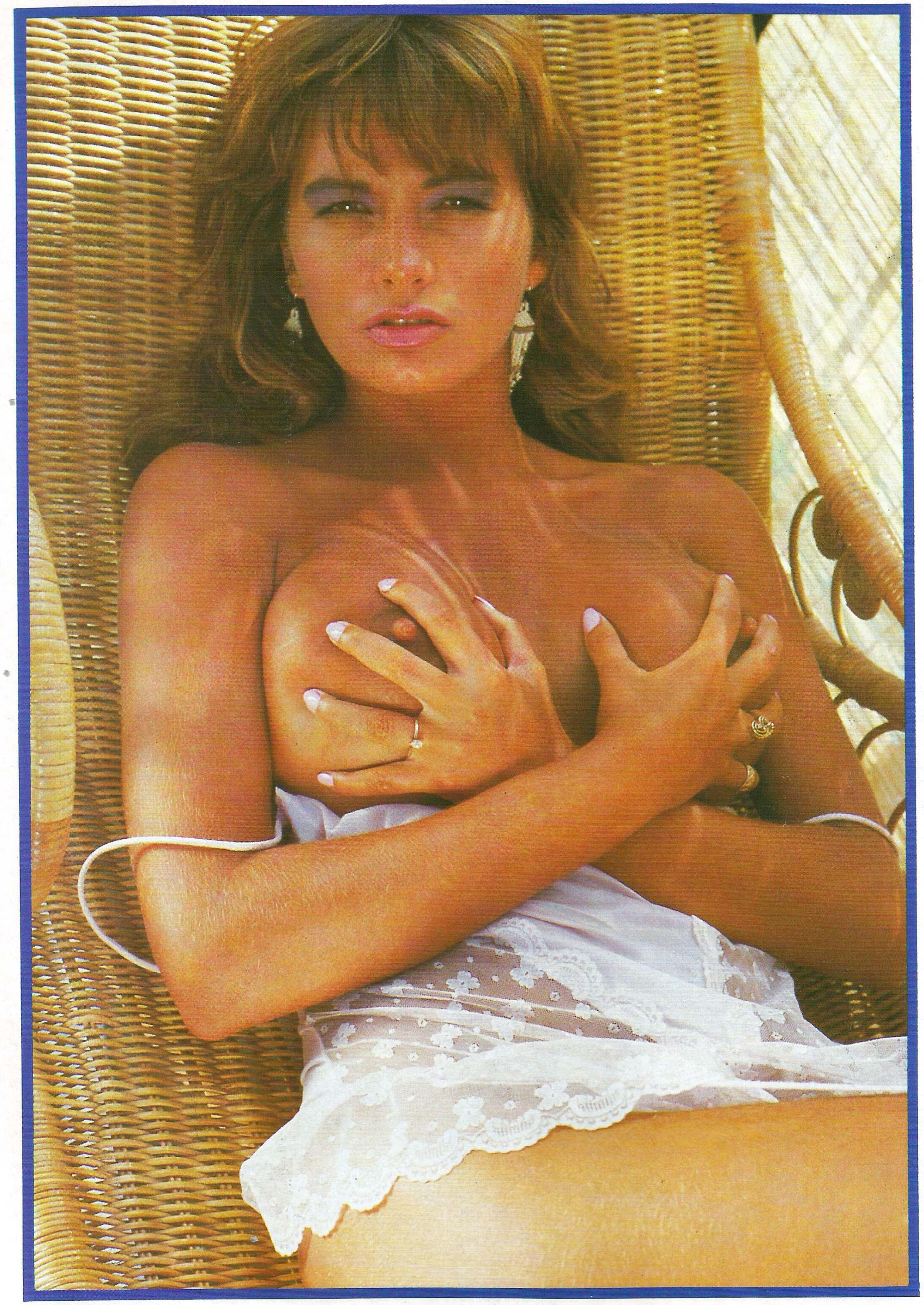
KERRY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PREBEN KIRKHOLT

It may surprise you to learn that a Junior Assistant Blurb Writer's lot is not a happy one, what with having to endure the far from appetising aroma that frequently exudes from El Gutto's troubled bowels, and having to bow and scrape to the supposed superiority of Executive Deputy-In-Chief Blurb Writers, and being told to disappear up my own arse by all the raunchy girlies that I attempt to chat up, and getting slapped very severely across the back of the head for continually complaining and writing ridiculously long and worthless sentences, and – ow!



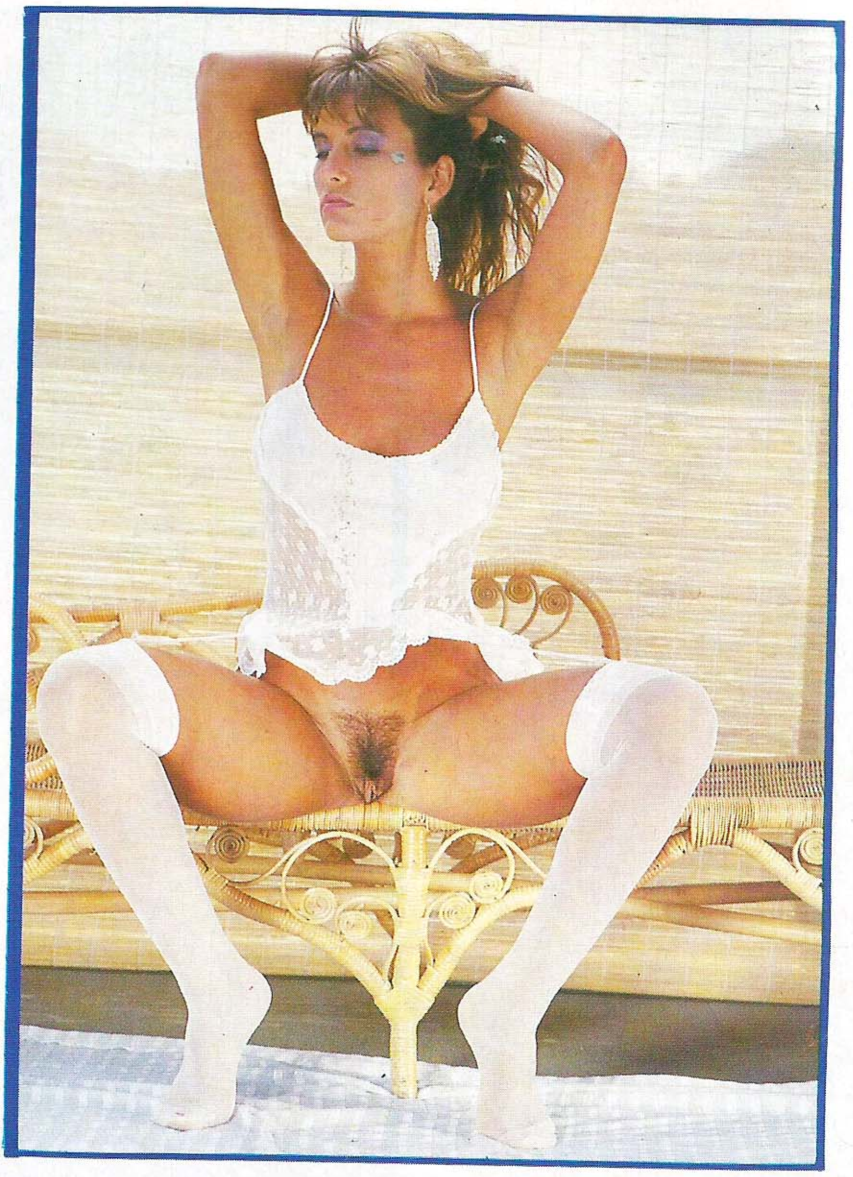
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE KING



No-one seems to appreciate that each piece of blurb is a finely crafted literary masterpiece that perfectly illustrates my sparkling wit and unmatched descriptive talent – as I shall now demonstrate ...

This is Kerry, and she's bloody nice. She's got two very nice arms, complemented by two very nice legs and a pair of bloody yummy eyes. Her hair's long, and her nostrils are very nostril-shaped. Best of all is her perfectly formed left ear lobe, which gets me horny just thinking about it.

Oh, and she's got a great pair of tits.



SONJA

Look on the bright side. It's been absolutely ages since we've had an 'I-had-a-pretty-bloody-heavy-scene-with-this-girlie-bet-you're-bloody-jealous-eh-matey-boy?' blurb. And judging by the reaction of Sonja to my suggestion that I bask in the recesses of her basque for an hour or two, it's going to be a good while before I get a chance to come over all smug and do my monthly quota of boasting. Still, I tried.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUBERT TOYOT